...ness of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham above all other human beings ...the "Dear Friend of Woman," ...ondents love to call her. Her ...er work, which is the outcome ...is obliged to keep six lady ...swer the large correspondence ...on her, each bearing its special ...joy at release from ill ...a medicine for good and not ...personally investigated it and ...h of this. ...ven merits, it is recommended ...st physicians in the country. ...ke a charm and saves much ...ely the worst form of falling ...thea, irregular and painful ...n Troubles, Inflammation and ...ll Displacements and the con... ...and is especially adapted to ...

...tion of the system, and gives ...removes faintness, flatulency, ...stimulants, and relieves weak... ...cures Bloating, Headaches, ...neeral Debility, Sleeplessness, ...tion. That feeling of bearing ...ght and backache, is always ...e use. It will at all times, and ...act in harmony with the law ...system.

...ttle or six for $5., and is sold by ...required as to special cases, and ...o have been restored to perfect ...e Vegetable Compound, can be ...Mrs. P., with stamp for reply, ...ass.

...e of *either* sex this compound is ...st testimonials show.

...er Pills," says one writer, "are ...for the cure of Constipation, ...dity of the liver. Her Blood ...in its special line and bids fair ...in its popularity. ...an Angel of Mercy whose sole ...e others.

(?) MRS. A. M. D.

...ANT SPRING.

...upon its advent, and ...upon mankind.

...he new come *Spring*."—*Shak.* ...spring, when it is once upon us, ...familiar with the exact date of ...ster, the world-renowned lexi... ...definition which may not be mis... ...ns," says he, "is the season of ...begin to vegetate and rise; ...ding the months of March, ...middle latitudes north of the ...n his "Seasons," and Shakes... ...have perhaps no peers in ...ethereal spring" is freight... ...dding fragrance, lurking unseen in the ...it spreads over the fairest por... ...death and disease to thousands; ...es of our children and youth, as ...of life. A pestilence is regarded ...s, and people everywhere are ..."Where does it come from?"

...AS A SPRING MEDICINE,

...e appetite;—have a headache, a ...and shoulders;—to toss about at ...work in the morning with a ...tongue;—feel disinclined to ex... ...in body and oppressed in mind;— ...your urine gets scanty or ...with constipation, diarrhœa or ...ly, sallow face, dull eyes, and a ...of these common complaints ...es that your liver is disordered, ...need a bottle of Kidney-Wort ...ances, a priceless boon to such ...

...prietors have come to possess ...ently merit. The cause of this ...question is, in the main, to be ...haracterization covers our broad ...ies are too frequently found in ...

...ney-Wort always *proves all their* ...merits of their preparations. ...efore, that Kidney-Wort is a ...ess as have been mentioned ...ul, too, belongs to and shall ...

...AN'S EXPERIENCE.

...regular physician of extensive ...tomy, and a worthy deacon of ...South Hero, Vt., has ...eral years in his practice, and ...ors purchased an interest in ...ood medicine in its favor. This ...*"It has done better than any ...self,"* says the Doctor, *"and ...I do not recollect an instance ...n I have given it has failed to ...ve, and in some severe cases ...are strong words. They are ...conscientious, ever approachable ...and—I will—they are true. ...all the encomiums lavished upon ...proprietor began. *Quelle heure!* ...time," writes Mr. J. R. Kauff... ...We will supplement this by ...of fact, and one capable of ...most patrons of this remedy are ...*

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JOB PRINTING

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A MODEL GARDENER.

Bill Hedger was a gardener
Who earned his daily meat
By toiling zealously all day—
His zeal was hard to beat.

He was a man of tender parts,
And thoughtful for his years—
E'en when he cut his onions down
His eyes would fill with tears.

He was so pitiful and kind
He'd dread to cut his lawn;
But though he'd never shock his friends,
He'd often shock his corn.

A score of carrots oft he'd give
To feed a widow's kine;
Such gems of charity are rare—
Full twenty carats fine.

His wretched horse could hardly creep,
Bill propped him while he grazed;
He said he'd have a better steed
When his celery was raised.

He'd sometimes cauliflower to him
When he had done his work—
He loved it stewed in buttermilk,
Or boiled with greens and pork.

But death at last mowed William down,
And they planted him in loam,
And gave him for his epitaph—
"He found sweet pease at home!"

HIS WIFE.

The sun had just set when I arrived at Somerset station. A whole mile to walk in the pleasantest part of the pleasantest country in the world! Soft hills, bathed in the sun's parting glow, dotted the landscape on every side, and over all smiled a tender, brooding sky. What keen enjoyment the anticipation of a summer all alone with my best friend had afforded me—and now I was almost there. There was the house; old, brown and many-roomed, and most of the rooms on the ground floor. Grandmother herself had been the architect of the establishment.

An enthusiastic lover of nature was this old lady of seventy years. Yes, there she was! I caught a glimpse of her white sleeve on the window-sill. I would walk softly in and surprise her. How exquisite the taste of this presiding genius! Heliotrope, mignonette and white roses! Grandmother's rose bushes were the envy of the whole neighborhood. Shy little violets bordered the graveled walk leading to the low door-stone, and over beyond, in grandmother's pet field, millions of yellow-hearted daisies nodded and beckoned to the soft evening breeze. Avoiding the treacherous pebbles, I cut quietly across to the front door, stealing with cat-like tread through the long, narrow hallway, and entering the sitting room on my tip toes. Wonderful victory! Twice before had I tried this wonderful dodge, and each time had the old turkey gobbler betrayed me. Where was he on this occasion; and why, when I really need his services, did he not prove my friend? Softly, softly, only a step or two more. The sensation of the next minute wasn't anything to speak of; I mean by that it was indescribable. The back of grandmother's big armchair quite hid the occupant, and nothing doubting, I made with great dexterity for grandmother's eyes. I found the eyes, but they didn't belong to grandmother. I knew that before their saucy owner had imprisoned my hands.

"Who is it?" said he, like one first awakening from a sleep. "Let me guess. The fingers are too little for Madge, and too long to belong to Sarah."

I found my tongue then. I would not wrench my hands away. That would be rudeness; for he evidently supposed them the property of some intimate friend.

"Please release me," I said; and then, as he rose quickly—apparently surprised by the voice of a stranger—I added, rather ludicrously, I suppose, for the tall fellow in the shirt sleeves laughed right heartily, "I thought you were grandmother?"

"Never was taken for an old lady before," he answered, with provoking nonchalance; and then added, as he hastily threw on a dressing-gown, "what do you think about it now?"

"I think I should like to know where grandmother is, and—"

"And what am I doing here?" he interrupted, with another laugh. "Your grandmother has gone to spend the evening with a sick neighbor. I belong to the next house—or rather am visiting my sister. She was unexpectedly telegramed away, and as I have been ill, and am not quite well enough to take care of myself in the absence of a housekeeper, your blessed grandmother offered to look out for me until my sister's return. My name is David Alcott, and yours, I take it, is Miss Susan Ellis." And then we shook hands.

That evening marked a new era in my life. I was comfortable, as was always the case at grandmother's, and I was happy too—happier than I had ever been before. What it meant was of no sort of consequence to me then. I did not stop to analyze my sensations, but enjoyed to the utmost the strange entertainment fate and placed before me. Mr. Alcott showed where grandmother had left the strawberries after tea, and then I skimmed a pan of morning's milk, and prepared my supper.

"You have been to tea, of course?" I inquired of the gentleman, who had again taken up his book.

"Yes, but I should like a few strawberries, if you can spare me some." So it chanced that he drew a chair up to the little round table, proving a most interesting companion.

In an hour or more after our little meal was over, I sat on the door-stone alone, watching for grandmother. Then he came to the door and said:

"You needn't expect her before 9 o'clock. I wish I could sit here with you."

"And why not?" I asked.

"Because I am still in quarantine. Perhaps I might make it pleasant for you indoors. If you are fond of being read to, I will do my best."

"And there is nothing I am fonder of!" I answered, and followed him into the house.

"Make your selection," he said, pointing to a table quite overlaid with books.

"Something of ...s," I replied, picking up an edition of Mrs. Browning.

"All right! now to please me, open at random, and I will read there."

I laughingly assented, and placed my forefinger plump on Lord Walter's wife—

"But why do you go?" said the lady, as both
sat under the yew
And her eyes were olive in their depths, as
the kraken beneath the sea blue.
"Because I fear you," he answered; "because you are far too fair,
And able to strangle my soul in a mesh of
your golden hair."

"Please don't go on," I interrupted. "I like the poem, but someway it isn't pleasant now."

"I thought as much," said grandmother, entering just here. "I felt sure you had come when I saw the light;" and no pet last child, a baby, was ever more welcomed than I by my dear dead father's mother.

"You promised me, David, you would certainly go to bed at 8 o'clock," said the old lady, reproachfully, after having satisfied herself that I hadn't changed a bit since she last saw me.

"But how could I?" he asked, with a comical gesture in my direction.

"Well, I hope you won't be any the worse for it to-morrow," said she; "and now to bed with you this minute!"

"Dear old Vagrant, good-night," said the gentleman, with a rare smile, obeying instantly; "and pleasant dreams to you, Miss Ellis."

"Nice boy that," said grandmother, as the door closed.

"Boy?" I repeated.

"Yes, boy!"

"He is twenty-five years old if he is a day."

"What of that? You are twenty, and what are you but a girl, I should inquire? Four weeks ago there didn't anybody round here think he'd ever get out again. The doctors gave him up, and his sister was almost crazy; but the fever turned, and he went to sleep and slept two days steadily, and when he woke up he was as bright as a button."

I did not see my new friend for two days. He had overexcited himself, and the result was solitude for this length of time. I roamed the fields, and haunted the woods, read, wrote and thought. I never did so much thinking in so short a space of time, with such unsatisfactory results.

"Where under the sun have you been all this afternoon?" said grandmother, as at sunset the second day I dragged into the kitchen porch. "You have torn a great slit in your dress, Sue, and you look like a fright. I have wanted you—mor'n your worth—for the last three hours."

"What are you making, grandmother?"

"Panada."

"How many quarts of this stuff does your patient consume, Mr. Ellis, in the course of twenty-four hours?"

"That is according to his appetite, Miss Saucebox," said a rich voice at my elbow; and there stood Mr. Alcott.

"They've sent for me up to Jones'. They think the baby is dying," broke in grandmother, while I stood blushing like an embarrassed school-girl. "And I want you to keep house and take care of him while I go up a while and see if I can do anything to help them." And the provoking old lady tripped away as composedly as if it were the most commonplace thing in the world for a young lady to be left with the care of an invalid, and the said invalid a man and a stranger. A few minutes sufficed to place me entirely at my ease, and no veteran hospital nurse was ever more composedly exacting than I in my new role. Grandmother's orders were explicit: David mustn't think of such a thing as reading aloud, and he must lie on the lounge in the sitting-room until she returned. Such an evening as that was! I read to him out of Auerbach—and this took us naturaly to the Rhine—and then found that my companion had traveled among all my favorite European cities. What wonderful pictures he drew me of the Campagna, the Coliseum and the Forum! How exquisite was the play of the moonlight on the Sabine mountains, and how charmingly picturesque the sketch of the old Roman ramparts, in some places bare and black with age, with here and there patches of scarlet and green made of poppies and ivy.

Grandmother came all too soon. She never was unwelcome before. Six weeks of this dolce far niente life—and then

There is no good of life but love—but love!
What else looks good is some shade flung
from love—
Love gilds it, gives it worth.

I knew as well as the queen and poor Constance what there was in life worth living for—what love meant. Not one word was spoken between us of the one subject that all-engrossed us, and yet I knew that his heart was as irrevocably in my possession as was mine in his.

One day, when he was fully well, we attended a little picnic in the grove down the road.

"We'll have a good time to-day, Lorchen," he said, as we made our preparations in the morning. "I will take out my scrap-book, and when the others are engaged, and won't miss us, we'll wander off by ourselves, and enjoy after our own fashion—won't we, Lorchen?"

"Lorchen!" How that word thrilled me! and how it epitomised the tender purity of his regard for me!

Oh! day long to be remembered! Oh! day of heartache and agony indescribable!

Steep the soul in one pure love,
And it will last thee long.

What kind of a love was my soul steeped in? Ay! love has its wormwood and gall, as well as its honeyed sweetness.

A party of friends—David's friends—came down from the city, and as we were walking slowly into the grove they came upon us from the depot road. I had David's arm. It was my arm—I knew it—and we should walk that way forever. Greetings and introductions were over. Shall I ever forget the face of that man who aimed straight for my soul with his poisoned arrow? Walking up to David's side, with a contemptible familiarity, he said:

"Saw your wife last week, Dave."

"Ah," replied my companion, perfectly at his ease.

"Coming down in the 3 o'clock train, if possible."

"Good," replied David; and then followed inquiries about various friends in a thoroughly cool and self-possessed manner. It seemed to me that my heart stopped beating. The hand on his arm involuntarily clenched itself, and there it remained until we arrived at headquarters, a little round bunch of cords and knuckles.

"You won't be gone long, Lorchen?" inquired David, as I moved away, ostensibly to help the committee of arrangements to decide where the tables should be set.

"What's that you call her?" my mortal enemy asked, inquisitively.

"Lorchen," replied David.

"Why, that's a Dutch name, isn't it? I thought she looked like a foreigner."

I heard no more, waited for no more, but watched my opportunity, and when sure that no eyes were upon me, struck the path leading to the road, and in less than an hour was home again in Grandmother Ellis' sitting-room.

"Oh! grandmother! grandmother! What misery has your terrible indiscretion brought me!" I groaned aloud—for grandmother had gone away to spend the day. There at the foot of the lounge were his slippers—there on the back of the lolling-chair his dressing-gown. I could not turn my eyes without beholding fresh evidences of his precious personality. What should I do? I could not leave until grandmother returned. Such a blow as that I felt sure the old lady would never rally from. I must suffer and keep it to myself, and get away at the earliest possible moment. In my agony I threw myself upon the lounge, and buried my head in the pillow—the pillow upon which his head reclined so often—the head I had so foolishly called mine. After awhile tears relieved the heated brain, and I fell asleep. I dreamed that I was in the water. I could not stir. Huge waves threatened to submerge me. Just beyond on the bank, almost within speaking distance, stood David, a beautiful woman by his side—his wife!

"David! David! take hold of my hand! Don't you see I'm sinking?" I cried out in my terror.

"Wake up, Lorchen! wake up!" said a familiar voice at my side. "Here are my hands, dear. They are both yours—not one, Lorchen, but both. Do you understand that?"

"But, David—but—"

"But what? Can it be that my little brown bird was scared home because of—"

"Because of your wife," I managed to say, with his face close to mine.

"It was my chum he meant, Lorchen! That's what we always call them at college. I'll get a divorce from that fellow, dear, if you will promise to be my own real wife?"

And I did.—*Belgravia.*

A Description of a Cowboy.

A genuine cowboy is worth describing, says a Colorado letter to the Philadelphia *Press*. In many respects he is a wonderful creature. He endures hardships that would take the lives of most men, and is, therefore, a perfect type of physical manhood. He is the finest horseman in the world, and excels in all the rude sports of the field. He aims to be a dead shot, and universally is. Constantly during the herding season he rides seventy miles a day, and a majority of the year sleeps in the open air. His life in the saddle makes him worship his horse, and it, with a rifle and a six-shooter, complete his happiness. Of vice in the ordinary sense he knows nothing. He is a rough, uncouth, brave and generous creature, who never lies or cheats. It is a mistake to imagine that they are a dangerous set. Any one is as safe with them as with any people in the world, unless he steals a horse or is hunting for a fight. In their eyes death is mild punishment for horse stealing. Indeed it is the highest crime known to the unwritten law of the ranch. Their life, habits, education and necessities breed this feeling in them. But with all this disregard of human life there are less murderers and cut-throats graduated from the cowboys than from among the better educated classes of the East who come out here for venture or gain. They delight in appearing rougher than they are. To a tenderfoot, as they call an Eastern man, they love to tell blood-curdling stories and impress him with the dangers on the frontier. But no man need get in a quarrel with them unless he seeks it, or get harmed unless he commits some crime. They very often own an interest in the herd they are watching, and very frequently become owners of ranches. The slang of the range they always use to perfection and in season or out of season. Unless you want to insult them, never offer a cowboy pay for any little kindness he has done or for a share of his rude meal. If the changes that are coming to stock-raising should take the cowboy from the ranch its most interesting feature will be gone.

How to Keep Cool.

Said a New York physician to a *Morning Journal* reporter.

It is supposed by most persons that if they bathe in cold water, drink iced lemonade, ginger ale, ice-water, etc., sleep with a thin coverlet over them, eat cold dinners and rub their faces with their pocket handkerchiefs every few moments that they will be cool, or, at least, as comfortable as the weather will permit. Now this is all wrong. A cold drink makes one feel exceedingly comfortable for a few moments, and then the individual will feel warmer than ever and perspire more profusedly.

The best way to keep cool is as follows: Do not drink any ice-water, take only one glass of soda or lemonade a day; eat a warm dinner, but do not eat quite as much as you want; take hot coffee or tea for breakfast, just as you do in winter; sleep with a very light gauze blanket over you in the night, and take a sponge bath in tepid salt water before retiring. This makes the body cool and keeps mosquitos away, do not wear a heavy hat or a tight collar, wear light flannels, low-cut shoes, carry an umbrella, and above all do not rub your face too often, because the action only heats the skin to a greater degree and makes you perspire more freely. If this advice is strictly followed you will be cooler and healthier.

A laughing stock—A collection of good jokes.—*Boston Courier.*

FROM BELLE TO BEGGAR.

CAREER OF A WOMAN ONCE ENGAGED TO SALMON P. CHASE.

An Authoress and a Daughter of an Officer of the Revolution Wandering from Place to Place in Quest of Bread.

A recent letter from Olean, N. Y., to the Philadelphia *Press* tells the following story:

While in New York the other day your correspondent noticed a gray-haired woman begging at the foot of the steps leading to the Fourteenth street station of the Sixth avenue elevated road. A gentleman who was with me said that the woman's name was Lucy E. Maclem, and that she was a person of literary tendencies.

Residents of this place recognize in the name a singular and unhappy woman well known here, whose strange actions have caused much comment. Her mania for bustles is a prominent characteristic of her wardrobe. In summer and winter alike she wore a dark calico dress, with a long full skirt and a waist of a style in vogue twenty or twenty-five years ago. She is tall and in other days doubtless graceful.

She was the daughter of Captain Maclem, who served in the Revolutionary war, and who afterward moved with his family to Ohio, and from there to Springville, Erie county, in this State. Lucy Maclem and her sister Sara moved from there about twenty-five years ago to this place. When the two girls were young Lucy was a great belle, was very pretty, talented and gay, and her admirers were many. She wrote poetry of some merit, as the pages of *Graham*, *Godey* and the *Knickerbocker* testified. One of her best pieces was a satire on a schoolmaster, who in some manner had given her offense. It had a great run in the newspapers of that day. She had a wide correspondence with men of letters and, among others, with Mr. Longfellow.

She became acquainted with the late Chief Justice Salmon P. Chase in the bloom of her youth, and the friendship established terminated in an engagement of marriage. Correspondence continued between the two for some time, when suddenly the letters ceased. The reason of this Lucy would never disclose, but it was not very long after this that her friends noticed that her actions were very strange. She manifested more and more crazy impulses, until finally she became hopelessly insane. For twenty years she has wandered aimlessly, dependent upon the charity of her sister Sara.

Some of Lucy's habits are very singular. For years she haunted the banks of this city, continually inquiring for remittances that never came. Finally she gave this up and took to borrowing, or trying to borrow, small sums of money. Her usual manner was to enter a store when the proprietor was most busily engaged, apologize for her intrusion in a ladylike manner and ask for the loan of from twenty-five cents to $2. Never more than that and never less. A refusal had no effect, as she would return next day with an apology and a similar request. She has frequently been to New York and several years ago she went to Washington to see certain members of Congress about a subsidy which she claimed she was entitled to as an authoress. It is a mystery how she obtained money for all her travels. Some say she did not use any money at all, but trusted to the gallantry of conductors not to put her off their trains between the stations, and when she had gone as far as possible on one train she would patiently await the arrival of the next.

Some of her vagaries are shown by an incident that happened here five or six years ago. Theodore Tilton was to lecture one evening, and she took her stand at the foot of the stairs awaiting his coming. When he appeared, in company with several men, she went toward him, touched him on the shoulder and said:

"Mr. Tilton, I want you to pay me the money you owe me!"

Tilton was so astonished that for some time he was unable to say anything, but at length asked her for what he was indebted to her.

"You have been using my lecture long enough," she replied, "and now I want you to pay me for it."

A Mass of Bloom.

The fashion of bedding plants of different colors in carpet patterns has been developed in English gardens under conditions of warmth and moisture which are unknown in this climate, says an exchange. In the short, hot and dry summers of the United States, striking effects in this formal and artificial style of planting have not yet been attained, but every year the florists are sending out new plants obtained by careful hybridizing and selection, with a view to produce varieties with bright-hued foliage and fast colors under our trying sun. It is in stylish summer resorts that the lawns are most profusely ribboned, embroidered and emblazoned with floral bravery of this sort. From Newport comes the account that 20,000 plants of a single variety have been ordered for one mass of color on the grounds of a swell villa. The shortest name yet invented for any one of these 20,000 specimens is a ternanthera parychoides major, but all this name has not yet discouraged this little plant from gleaming very brightly in crimson and gold. The casual statement that this bed of alternantheras will cost $2,000 adds a slightly prosaic and commercial flavor to the story, but then decorations of this class are more widely appreciated when they are known to be expensive.

How to Travel.

An exchange has an article on "How to travel." It will do very well for the man who thinks of going to Europe and has leisure to peruse it, but for the young man that has just been informed that her father has come in the back door and will soon be into the parlor to see what is going on there with the light turned down, there is no time to read a half-column for directions how to travel, he travels at once, without stopping to purchase a ticket or get his baggage properly checked.—*Lowell Citizen.*

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The Paterson locomotive shops have orders for upward of 300 engines ahead.

The consumption of China-grown tea has fallen off 9,000,000 pounds in five years.

Sir William Siemans says the sun's heat is not greatly above that of a blast furnace.

There can be little or no doubt that the eggs of hens while undergoing the process of incubation are liable to be affected by the cholera of fowls.

M. Nordenskjold maintains that the aurora is a permanent phenomenon in polar regions, being always seen when the sun is below the horizon and when the moon is invisible.

In an article published by Dr. R. Koch it is asserted that the only substances worthy the name of disinfectants are chlorine, bromine, iodine, mercuric chloride and, perhaps, potassium permanganate and osmic acid.

The extent of the coking coal region in Pennsylvania is estimated at 69,673 acres, and the number of coke ovens at 10,050. In addition, the section of 3,000 more has been decided on, and some are now in the course of construction.

Although three or four crystals of the genuine precious topaz, remarkable for size and clearness, have been found near Pike's Peak, Mr. R. T. Cross asserts that the stone which is cut in Colorado and sold as topaz to tourists is not topaz at all, but simply smoky quartz, or the cairgorm stone of Scotland.

Every bread-maker has observed that the temperature at which her dough is kept while rising has a decided influence upon its quality. If it is kept warm so that the process of fermentation goes on rapidly, the bread will be whiter and tenderer than if it is allowed to rise in a low temperature. The little yeast plant with the long name flourishes best at a temperature of about seventy-two degrees and when it has abundance of sugar to feed upon. If no sugar is put into the dough the plant converts the starch of the grain into sugar and feeds upon it.

A Rich Man Dies of Starvation.

"So Jones is dead," said one Somerville man to another, the other day. "Yes, poor fellow," was the reply, "he's gone." "What did he die of?" inquired the first speaker. "Starvation," was the answer. "Starvation! Good gracious, the man was worth $50,000." "I know that; nevertheless he died of starvation. I'll tell you how it was: Jones was always fancying that there was something the matter with him; so he went to a doctor one day and had himself examined, and the doctor informed him that he had kidney disease, and besides taking medicine must diet himself. Said the doctor: 'You must avoid all kinds of salt meats, salt fish, potatoes, cabbage and vegetables of every kind.' Jones followed the advice, but found himself no better. He went to another doctor, and after being examined was informed that he must avoid all kinds of fresh meats also. This did not do him any good, as he thought, and he went to another doctor, who highly approved of the advice which had previously been given, and further warned him against all kinds of pastry, likewise shellfish, including oysters and clams. 'The best thing for you is a milk diet,' said this doctor; so Jones lived wholly upon milk. Not feeling himself any better, he went to another doctor, who cautioned him to avoid milk, above all things, if he wanted to get well. This reduced Jones to a diet of cold water and fresh air, and finding himself no better upon this regimen, he went to another doctor who urged him to beware of drinking too much water and being too much in the air. This last advice cut off the last of Jones' article of diet, and he died of starvation, as I have told you."—*Somerville Journal.*

An Emperor's Dilemma.

The emperor of China, young as he is has already to maintain some seventy women on his establishment in various capacities, and, like any other gentleman who has ladies under his protection, the duty devolves on him of clothing them. This would be a comparatively easy task were the fair ones of a reasonable turn of mind. But, unhappily for the brother of the sun and the moon, their extravagance is pronounced to be beyond all bounds. Two hundred and fifty thousand taels, which is more than one-half the land tax of the empire, were expended last year in silk, satin, gauze, velvet, red and gilt papers, and pearls. It is said that one dress, which is in possession of an empress, was covered last year with seed pearls worked in so peculiar a fashion as to have cost a fabulous sum. With respect to this robe there are great scorchings of heart. The empress is aged, though the dress is new. If she die, according to custom it must be burned, supposing it to be in her possession at the time of her death. She refuses to part with it, and the idea of this wastefulness, coupled with the necessary great expenditure in the coming year, troubles the owner of the vermilion pencil exceedingly.

Effect of Tobacco on Boys.

Dr. G. Decaisne has had in his charge thirty-eight youths, from nine to fifteen years of age, who are addicted to smoking, and has made known some interesting results concerning the effects of tobacco upon these boys. The extent to which tobacco was used varied, and the effects were of course unequal, but were very decided in twenty-seven cases. With twenty-two of the boys there was disturbance of circulation, palpitation of the heart, imperfect digestion, sluggishness of intellect, and to some extent a craving for alcoholic stimulants. Twelve patients suffered from bleeding of the nose, ten had constant nightmare, four had ulcerated mouths, and one became a victim of consumption. The symptoms were most marked in the youngest children, but among those of equal age the best fed were least affected. Eleven boys stopped smoking, and were cured within a year.

There are three women at Somerset, Ky., who are mothers of fifty children.

A GREAT LUMBER REGION.

TIMBER CUTTING IN THE MILLS OF THE SAGINAW VALLEY.

How a Big Saw Log is Handled—The Gang Saw and its Swift Work—Mechanical Devices of the Industry.

A long while before one reaches Saginaw, Mich., says a New York *Evening Post* correspondent, the signs of the prevailing industry become apparent. The streams are clogged with old slabs, browned and rotting logs, and chaotic masses of wooden debris from the size of a match up to the huge sawn beam which in some ancient flood has escaped its bonds. In the fields still remain the tree stumps or piles of sawdust a dozen feet high, marking the old site of a sawmill now removed because the material that fed it has been cut away. But all these initial symptoms of the lumber region are eclipsed and forgotten when the Saginaw river is reached and with it the busy center of the industry. For sixteen miles down to Bay City, near Lake Huron, the stream flows between wooden strands. The eye strains itself in vain to see beyond the lumber horizon that stretches east and west. The yellow waters, perhaps two hundred feet wide, pass first between continuous booms, each inclosing its army of giant logs. These booms reach far above Saginaw, and if we include tributaries of the river and count both sides, make up a reach of log posts seventy-five miles long. Next to the logs and on the bank proper rise, most impressive of all, the tracts of sawn lumber. Pile on pile they rise on either side for sixteen miles up and down the stream, covering acre after acre until the wooden monotony becomes oppressive. Now and then the woolen strand becomes thinner only to rise again to more imposing height and width around a new cluster of mills. These mills, often of grand proportions, spring from their lumber heaps as a giant of fairy story looms amid the disintegrated bones of his victims. Their tall iron chimneys belch black smoke, the rattling saws cut the air with their distant rasp, and the sense of industrial activeness is filled out by the hives of workmen swarming over the lumber hills and loading them, by slow but steady toil, into barges whose hulls rival the capacity of a Cunarder.

Along this stretch of sixteen miles of the Saginaw river there are cut annually a billion feet of lumber, and last year the figures went fifty millions higher than that amount. Since to most readers these figures are a vague immensity of numbers, let us try to simplify them by an illustration. The Saginaw mills turn out each year so much lumber, large and small, that if it were all cut in inch-thick boards, each of them one foot wide, and then these boards were placed end to end, they would reach about 200,000 miles, or four times around our planet. The product, to put the illustration a little differently, would supply lumber enough for a fence four times around the world, made of solid wooden posts, with a double row of boards, each six inches wide.

Up the Saginaw in a wild region, reached either by the river or its tributaries, the great pine saw log, often three feet in diameter, has its birth. Pine forests, now rapidly thinning out, once covered several thousand square miles around the headwaters. Entering that lumber region in the late autumn, the lumbermen establish camps, round which the whole winter long the axes resound, the tall trunks fall, and in sections are rolled to the adjacent streams for the spring floods to bear away. Floating down to the main river the "boom men" pick out each other's logs, as identified by the brand, and gather them inside of the booms, which may be curtly described as long tree trunks chained together at the ends, often inclosing a smooth water surface of several acres. The coves of the Saginaw—called locally "bayous," a term borrowed from the lower Mississippi—are specially adapted for the gathering and organization of these log armies. The military metaphor, indeed, has peculiar fitness here, for the logs are mustered side by side in companies held together by a rope fastened to each log by a device not unlike the domestic clothespin. As the logs down stream are worked up by the tireless mills, these upper booms are drawn upon for more, until the freezing river finds them quite empty, and another winter comes on to yield its fresh supply.

But the saw log's story becomes most dramatic as it nears the mill and, loosed from the restraining rope, is steered into the glade of open water that leads up to the wooden slide. Enter now the great lumber mill, and we shall be in at the saw log's death. Down the slide on a wooden railroad runs a heavy track, fitted with two cross lines of heavy iron teeth. With a plunge it dashes below the water, still holding its place on the rails. Then three giant logs are floated above it. At a signal the steam is let on, the machinery reversed, the strong chain holding the truck tightens, and the truck itself begins to ascend. The sharp teeth catch the logs, which in a trice are lifted dripping from the water, whisked up like twigs a hundred feet to the mill, and rolled off opposite the first set of saws. These saws are two in number; one set below is of the buzz variety, perhaps six feet in diameter, and cutting therefore through a three-foot log; but as this semi-diameter is often insufficient for a big log, a second and smaller "buzz," placed above and in front of the first, cuts the slice, which otherwise might still hold fast the slab. One of the largest logs weighs a number of tons, and human strength alone would never suffice to turn it after one of its sides has been "slabbed." Just here comes in a beautiful piece of powerful mechanism. At the touch of a lever a stout beam, armed with iron teeth, rises by the forest Titan's side. It snatches the wood, and in less time than words can tell it the log is tumbled over, and the framework, rushing back and forth with amazing speed, has driven the edges of the tree athwart the saws, until the once rough stick stands forth a symmetrical square. Then, in another instant it is shifted before the "gang," a set of ordinary upright saws placed an inch apart, and often with thirty or even thirty-five blades. Below an ordinary circular planer revolves in front of the gang and smooths the lower edges of the boards. The immense piece of timber is run through in a few moments, and what was five minutes before a rough tree trunk has passed into the inch boards of commerce. Nor does the work end here; for the slabs are passed to a new machine, which grasps them with akutest human intelligence, and whatever part of them can be made so become laths. Other machines take the harder woods, ash, elm or oak, and covert them with equal speed into staves, barrel heads or shingles; and finally the otherwise useless debris passes to the furnaces to feed the fires of the engine.

Sometimes, particularly in the more modern mills, the routine as described is varied by lifting the logs from the river on an endless chain, and a number of minor mechanisms fill out the devices by which the lumber is cut and distributed. One ingenious machine, working double emery wheels, sharpens the buzz saws on both sides of the teeth during a single revolution, and requires no attention beyond simply the fastening of the saw upon it and the unfastening after the work is done. Another flattens out, by a clever mechanical expedient, the teeth of the saw, so as to cut a wider rent and prevent clogging as the cut becomes deeper; finally, a system of elevated railroads takes the lumber-laden trucks and distributes the boards at the points in the yard or on the wharf whence they are to be shipped. Some additional conception of the size and importance of the industry may be derived from the fact that the Michigan Central company takes away from one station here a hundred car-loads of lumber for each day of the working season, to say nothing of the large quantities shipped from the river by the Flint and Pere Marquette railroad line and even large shipments by the lake barges.

FASHION NOTES.

The French are not fitting the sleeves as high on the shoulders as formerly.

Braided crowns of gilt galloon and velvet still appear in many of the small bonnets.

A wool jersey with a sash and kilt skirt is the popular country suit for small boys.

Little bonnets of white lace and black velvet are very becoming and effective for coaching.

Many colored straw Milans are trimmed very simple with plaitings of Alencon lace and narrow ribbon.

Scotch plaid glace silk of very dark colors are used in combination with surah and cashmere for semi-dress costumes.

Sun umbrellas are to match the color of the dress, and are mounted on thick oaken sticks, with handles studded with gold.

The high novelty in walking-suits in Paris is a combination of fine black cashmere and white moire on white Ottoman silk.

The requisite dash of yellow in a white toilet is sometimes given by wearing an amber necklace and amber bracelets, or with yellow topaz jewelry.

It is fashionable to wear very large sunshades of printed satinette to match costumes of the same; the large fan is also made to correspond, or else it is bright red.

Ruching is again worn inside the neckband of dress and is now edged with the finest of lace, either flat Valenciennes, Oriental or Pompadour. The ruche often trims the edge of front of waist a finger's length.

Fans of tinted ostrich feathers, mounted on tortoise-shell, are still the height of style for evening dress. They are oval in shape, and usually have a brilliantly-plumaged bird, or a cluster of lilies or roses set in the center of the fan.

The most fashionable of the white toilets worn this summer, instead of being relieved by the usual colors of rose-color, blue or mauve, will be enlivened by the newer shades of French terra cotta, tea rose, shrimp pink, and the like.

The panier corsage is in favor for dresses of soft summer tissues. It has the front gauged on the shoulders and at the waist. Below this it forms full paniers that sweep away to each side, drape the hips, and meet in a large bow on the back.

White sicilienne dresses trimmed with white Valenciennes lace are the most charming toilets for young ladies to wear at summer weddings and dinners. The Valenciennes flounces cover the front of the skirt and the bodice is half low, pointed back and front with Valenciennes sleeves. The neck is filled in with gathered lace.

The simplest form of making up summer toilets is a relief

The People's Press.

SALEM, N. C.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 9, 1883.

[Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Salem, N. C.]

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L. V. & E. T. BLUM,
Salem, N. C., Jan. 30, 1883.

—The American consul at Smyrna is of the opinion that the prevailing epidemic in Egypt is not Asiastic cholera.

— Emigrants from Ireland are making affidavits that they were forced to come over here from the almshouses.

—Another earthquake shook Ischia on Saturday. Several houses collapsed and three persons were buried in the ruins, but were extricated alive.

THE ELECTION IN KENTUCKY.—The Democratic State Committee estimate the Democratic majority at from 40,000 to 50,000 with the Legislature overwhelmly Democratic.

—The news from the Italian earthquake district now sums up the actual loss of life at 8,000. This is terrible indeed, and reminds us of the quakes of olden times.

—Secretary Lincoln seems determined to stop the questionable practice of army officers anticipating their pay by assigning pay accounts to secure borrowed money, as well as the worse offence of assigning more than one account for a given month or months.

THE FRUIT FAIR.

The North Carolina Fruit Growers Association, which will hold its second annual fair in the city of Wilmington, Wednesday and Thursday, August 22d and 23rd, has issued a programme and general directions. These are as follows:

The association will meet at the Mayor's office on the 22d, at 8 o'clock, p. m.

Eminent speakers will address the Society on each day. Gov. Jarvis, Gen. Scales and others have consented to deliver addresses.

The railroads have agreed to transport freight and visitors to the fair at the usual rates charged for other State fairs.

The association agrees to pay all freights for fruits on exhibition.

All objects for exhibition will be guarded carefully, and will not be used without consent of the owner. Canned goods will not be opened without the owner's consent.

There will be an auction at 5 o'clock, p. m., on the 23rd, when all the fruit may be sold on account of the exhibitor without expense to him.

Entries may be made by applying to Mayor Hall previous to the fair, or to the secrctary on the grounds between 8 a. m. and 12 m. on the first day.

Exhibitors wanting special space should notify George Kidder, Wilmington, at once.

The premiums offered, which are open to the world without entrance fee, are highly attractive. For all varieties of fruits and grapes, for dried and canned fruits and pickled fruits they range from $10 and downwards, while for the best avaporator and the best exhibit of canning machinery prizes of $20 are offered. Premiums are also offered for cut flowers—cut roses, assorted grasses and for the best boquet.

The fair promises to be in every way a success. It cannot fail to be of benefit to the fruit growing interest of the State, and it affords an opportunity to visit a city renowned for its hospitality, the commercial metropolis of the State, and to know a people than whom no better breathe.—*Star.*

It is greatly to be desired that a good exhibit be made from this section of the State, and our county in particular, should do her best.

We can raise as fine fruit as any section, and although this is an unusually poor fruit year, there are still many nice specimens of Apples, Pears, &c., in the county, which, if all brought together, would make a good show.

In order to get as full a collection as possible, Messrs. Lineback Bros. propose to buy whatever really nice fruit, or product of fruit, is brought to them for this purpose.

We hope that all our friends who have anything that will do to help out in this matter, will bring it in. It will be best, however, to see E. W. or J. A. Lineback in advance, and "talk it over." They will want the fruit brought in on Monday, Aug. 20.

—During the first six months of 1881, in New York city, there were 22,938 deaths; in 1882, 24,378, in 1888, 21,282—more than 3,000 less than last year. It is said this improvement is almost entirely owing to the enforcement of sanitary regulations. Three thousand people saved in one city in six months by an improved observance of health regulations. Good!—*Wil. Star.*

The President at Louisville.

Arriving at the gates of the exposition building the carriages were driven into the entrance and the distinguished guests were escorted to the stand. The building is almost square, intersected by naves. The stand was erected at the intersection of the naves and was embowered in shrubs and flowers. The President and his party were met by the exposition officers here, and as they appeared at the back of the stand they were received with some applause and cheers. The stand seated about two hundred prominent persons and faced the grand organ at the extreme end of the northern nave. Below the organ were grouped 200 chorus singers and the Seventh regiment band of New York. The view was obstructed by an immense soda-water fountain just in front of the stand, and many could not see and nobody heard the dumb show. The galleries were crowded, but the floor of the hall was not filled. The building was remarkably gay and bright with colors and the scene was very attractive.

When the buzz of curiosity had subsided the Rev. E. T. Perkins, of St. Paul's church, invoked Divine blessing on the occasion and the enterprise. Then the Hon. Charles D. Jacob, Mayor, delivered gracefully a brief welcome in behalf of the city to the President, at its conclusion shaking hands heartily with the President, an action that was loudly applauded.

Then Gov. Blackburn took the President by the arm, saying: "It is my pleasure and I have the honor of introducing to you the chief executive of the United States, our President, Chester A. Arthur." The crowd cheered heartily, and Mr. Arthur, acknowledging it, looked over the crowd and at the scene and said:

"I count myself fortunate that I am upon the borders of the beautiful city of the South on a day which must henceforth be famous in its history for a great undertaking; an undertaking of national interest and importance enters here and now upon its career. I congratulate the promoters and managers of this exposition that even at the very threshold of its existence it gives abundant pledges of success. The zeal and enthusiasm they have displayed in their labors of preparation and the frequent tidings of encouragement and cheer by which those labors have been lightened and made glad; the splendid triumphs of American genius, activity and skill which are arranged within these walls; the presence of the eager multitude who throng these hospitable streets, all are tokens that the enterprise here inaugurated will be crowned with brilliant, far reaching, enduring results. It will multiply the arms of industry and its operations and elevate its standards of attainment by suggesting new wants. It will invite new actions. It will disclose national resources as yet almost unexplored, and point the way to their prompt and profitable development in countless ways. It will promote the arts of peace and help to bring about the works of peace, proclaiming harmony and good will and brotherly kindness throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof. [Great applause.] I now declare that the Southern Exposition is open and may God speed the fulfilment of all its lofty and ennobling purposes. [Immense applause.]

The Business Revolution.

Since the completion of the jetties the foreign commerce of New Orleans is assuming giant proportions, aggregating in 1882 a value of $83,092,922, a sum exceeded only by New York, Boston, and San Francisco. During the quarter ending March 31, 1883, the exports of domestic merchandise amounted to over $33,200,181 against $24,947,111 for the corresponding three months of last year.—*American Trade Journal.*

This is another evidence, says the *Richmond South*, of the revolution that is going on in the business of the country. Commerce as well as manufactures is moving from the North to the South. Not only New Orleans, but all the southern ports, especially Norfolk, Newport News and West Point are rapidly increasing their business. Fortunately for the South she not only possesses, or can produce, and can manufacture all that is necessary to a great and prosperous trade, but she also has ports through which she can carry on commercial exchanges with the whole world, without the need of middle-men and factors, or the necessity for commissions to outside parties. She is complete in herself and equal to everything; can produce and fabricate and transport and traffic in everything necessary to her well-being and independence; can be her own producer, manufacturer, merchant, and shipper. There is no reason why she shall go beyond her own borders for anything that lies in or springs out of the earth, or for the power or skill requisite to convert whatever may be so obtained into the forms most convenient for human use and most remunerative in value, or why she shall not provide all the commercial facilties she may need, and decline to pay tribute to any outside intermediary. So fortunate is she in these respects that she cannot fail to avail herself of her advantages and to enjoy the prosperity, independence, culture, and happiness that will result.

THE PENNSYLVANIA TOURISTS.—About thirty-six Pennsylvanians passed through here on Tuesday on a prospecting tour through the State looking for investments in the way of lands, mills, banks, &c. They went from here to Warrenton and Ridgeway where they will remain several days. We understand that efforts were made in Pennsylvania to prevent their coming. They were told that they would be swindled out of their money and treated badly if they came, and even the posters stuck up were torn down. They were not deterred, however, and it is said a much larger party will come here in November. We trust they will find the people and the country pleasing to them and will settle in the State.—*Roanoke News.*

Our Millionaires.

It is a curious circumstance that wealth concentrates in few hands more readily in this than any other country on earth. We have followed out the traditions of Jefferson in this country, and given every one an equal chance in the making of money, upon the theory that this will result in an equalizing of fortunes. To help to bring about this desirable result our laws call for an equal division of property on the death of the parent. But unrestricted competition has not borne out the claim of the Declaration of Independence that "all men are equal." The facts of the last fifty years show that opportunity, brains and unscrupulousness will enable individuals, within a short lifetime, to gather to themselves enormous sums of money, which, under different institutions, would be diffused among the people France, for instance, is a very rich country, but, outside of the Rothschild family, has very few millionaires. It has a poor, and frugal, working class, but the great bulk of the French people belong to what is known as the "middle class," and are well to-do. In Great Britain there are greater contrasts of wealth and poverty, but facts recently published go to show that the number of very rich is not large. It is safe to say there have been more millionaires created in the United States since the beginning of the Civil War than have been developed by a century of banking, manufacturing and trading in Great Britain. There are no single fortunes in England comparable to those of Vanderbuilt, Gould, Mackay, Flood, the Astor and Stewart estates, and probably fifty others which might be mentioned. The great fortunes in England have been aggregating—some of them—for centuries; ours date back to the first years of the Civil War, when vast accumulations were rolled up in contracts for supplying our armies. Then the Jeffersonian theory, which said to the Government "Hands off," left the transportation field open to the monopolist. Our railway magnates have taxed the public, the government declining to interfere until recently; but our highest Court has decided that the nation is supreme, and has a right to supervise railway passenger and freight charges. The freedom of our institutions had been vastly more advantageous to the capitalist than the poor workman. Should the present tendencies continue, the middle of the twentieth century will see the United States with a vast laboring population, a small middle class, and a few hundred millionaires, who will monopolize the great bulk of the property of the country. But the signs of the times indicate that before the close of this century the people of the United States will make such changes in our institutions as will discourage large accumulations of property in a few hands.—*Demorest's Monthly.*

The Advancing South.

From all parts of the South comes cheering news of the growth and prosperity of Southern towns and cities. New Orleans has again asserted herself as the metropolis of the south; at Memphis real estate is advancing, and railroads are building which are to play an important part in her advancement; nothing like the rapid and substantial growth of Nashville has ever been witnessed in the history of that city; Atlanta has swept ahead of four rival cities of Georgia, and is going to be a great industrial centre; Chattanooga and Knoxville are both pushing ahead, and each is struggling for commercial supremacy in East Tennessee; in Virginia, Richmond continues on a steady growth, and we are told that every town on the line of railway between the Hagerston, Md., and Roanoke, Va., (which is a flourishing place a little over a year old,) a distance of 240 miles, has received a wholesome impetus; and here in Alabama, Montgomery is catching the contagion from Birmingham and is beginning to build up her waste places; Anniston has in a few years grown to be the model manufacturing town of the State; and now that Gadsden has a furnace, building is going on and her people are beginning to rejoice over the prospect of a more prosperous future; and last, but foremost in the list, is our own Magic City, the marvelous and continued growth of which is a matter of astonishment even to her own citizens. *Birmingham, Ala., Iron Age.*

— Another decision again asserted the power of States to fix or control charges on railways. An Illinois corporation made the claim that by virtue of its special privileges in its charter it had the right to make certain charges without interference by the State. The court reaches the conclusion that this claim is untenable. The general question of the power of States over such corporations had already been asserted by decisions on cases taken up from each of the States of Illinois, Iowa and Wisconsin, but the bearing of special charters had not received such a close examination as to fix its place and influence.

This would seem to fix the principle of State regulation beyond any recall or reversal.

Fright in the Farm-House.

Family all taken sick at night. Unusual symptoms. Seemed like poisoning. What could it be? What had they eaten? Was it arsenic in the soup? Was it strychnine in the coffee? Was it rats'-bane in the pie? None of these. The cistern had not been cleaned for a long time. The family had been drinking impure water. They might have died, only that they took PERRY DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER. Family well. Farm-house happy. Everybody pleased.

LONDON, August 3.—The *Daily News* asserts that the total number of deaths from cholera in Egypt so far has been 16,000. It says the disease is now less virulent. Of ten men attacked among the British troops and average of six survived.

Simple Remedies.

Half a teaspoonful of common table salt dissolved in a little cold water, and drank, will instantly relieve "heart-burn" or dyspepsia. If taken every morning before breakfast, increasing the quantity gradually to a teaspoonful of salt and a tumbler of water, it will in a few days cure any case of dyspepsia, if at the same time due attention is paid to the diet. There is no better remedy than the above for constipation. As a gargle for sore throat it is equal to chlorate of potash, and and is entirely safe. It may be used as often as desired, and if a little is swallowed each time it will have a beneficial effect on the throat by cleansing it and by allaying the irritation. In doses of one to four teaspoonsful in half a pint to a pint of tepid water, it acts promptly as an emetic, and in cases of poisoning is always at hand. It is an excellent remedy for bites and stings of insects. It is a valuable astringent in hemorrhages, particularly for bleeding after the extraction of teeth. It has both cleansing and healing properties, and is, therefore a most excellent application for superficial ulcerations.

Mustard is another valuable remedy. No family should be without it. Two or three teaspoonsful of ground mustard stirred into half a pint of water acts as emetic very promptly, and is milder and easier to take than salt and water. Equal parts of ground mustard and flour or meal, made into a paste with warm water, and spread on a thin piece of muslin, with another piece of muslin laid over it, forms the often indispensable "mustard plaster." It is almost a specific for colic, when applied for a few minutes over the pit of the stomach. For all internal pains and congestions there is no remedy of such general utility. It acts as a counter-irritant by drawing the blood to the surface hence in severe cases of croup a small mustard plaster should be applied to the back of the child's neck. The same treatment will relieve almost any case of headache. A mustard plaster should be moved about over the spot to be acted upon, for if left too long on one place it is liable to blister. A mustard plaster acts as well when at a considerable distance from the affected part.

—Chatting last evening with that clever gentleman, Dr. Charles W. Dabney, of the Department of Agriculture, we soon saw what good work he has been doing towards securing a grand display of North Carolina's resources at the fair at Boston the coming autumn. The space allotted to this State is at once the most prominent and the largest at the exhibition, and is 50x50 feet. More than a thousand specimens, said Dr. Dabney, have thus far been gathered, and every one is the best of its kind. All the woods have been gathered, and there will be, say 105 kinds shown. Practically the entire collection is completed now, except a few agricultural products, which are promised, and which will not be taken to Boston until the last moment, as they will thus make a better appearance. Cotton growing will be taken there, and besides thousands of partially opened bolls will be taken to be distributed to visitors. The display of tobacco will be the finest ever made. The growers, dealers and manufacturers of the weed have heartily cooperated in this portion of our display. The exhibit of minerals, ores of all kinds, gold in nuggets, dust &c., will be worthy of the State. A collection of the famous gold coins made at Rutherfordton by Bechtler will be a curiosity. The collection of woods will far surpass the one at the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art.—*News-Observer.*

The Great Earthquake.

LONDON, August 1.—The Syndic states that 1,000 are dead at Lacco, 1,000 at Forio, and 2,500 at Casamicciola. The damage to property is 2,000,000 lire. Shocks of earth quake have been felt at Winsbaden

The burials of victims of the earthquake were continued throughout the day. Two hundred and eighty bodies were buried at Casamicciola, ninety at Lacco and twenty-nine at Forio. The latest estimate places the number of deaths at between four and five thousand. As it would be impossible to recover and bury all the bodies, Signor Ganala, minister of public works, ordered that in view of the horrible exhalations from the decomposing remains, the unrecovered corpses be left where they lie, and liquid lime be poured over the ruins made by the earthquake. Fifteen hundred tons of chloride of lime were so used at Casamicciola during the day for deodorizing purposes, but the stench in the upper town is still unbearable. Water gushed out of springs again to-day. It was almost boiling hot. A slight shock of earthquake was felt on Monday night.

NAPLES, August 1.—Mount Vesuvius is in a state of eruption. Lava is descending from the crater in the direction of the town of Torre del Greco, at the southwest foot of the mountain, and the inhabitants are fleeing to places of safety.

—A New York letter says Jay Gould's tomb is to cost $65,000 and will have room for sixteen persons. In design this "mortuary chapel," as the builders are proud to call it, is a miniature Greek temple of polished granite. It is to be twenty feet wide, and flanked with columns, eight on each side and four on the ends. No stone used in the construction is to be less than six feet wide by fifteen feet long, weighing several tons apiece. The doors of the chapel are to be of bronze, modeled by Augustus St. Gaudens, whose bill for this service is to be $2,500. Inside, the original plan was to close each of the sixteen compartments with a slab of polished marble to be cemented in place. The latest intention, however, is to finish the inside of the chapel in bronze as being more durable than marble. Facing the door of the chapel is to be a window of stained glass, probably by Lafarge, representing the resurrection.

GENERAL NEWS.

GATHERED FROM HOME AND ABROAD.

—Ex-Cadet Hartigan, dismissed fom West Point for hazing will not be re-instated.

—The National Bank at St. Albans, and the St. Albans Trust Company, Vermont, have failed.

—Great Britain has appealed to the Emperor of Morocco to abolish slavery in his dominions.

—Rumors of monarchial restoration in France are again current. Ex-Empress Eugenia is in Paris.

—Thirty buildings were burned in San Francisco, Cal., on Saturday, including a public hall and theatre.

—Peace between Chili and Peru is about concluded. Bishop Tordora is dead and was buried on Saturday last.

—Through a mistake a Georgia father poisoned his wife and two children by giving morphine instead of quinine.

—Chas. Henry Lee, colored, was hanged at Richmond, Va., on the 3rd inst., for the murder of Daniel Miller, also colored.

—Three children were drowned at Chicago, while in a carriage, by the horses plunging into the river at an open drawbridge.

—The people of Union County, South Carolina, are very indignant at the postponement of an execution. Threats of lynching are made.

—The Jews, who were on trial at Niregyhazu, for the murder of a Christian girl and mixing her blood with the Passover bread, have been acquitted.

—Although the reduction of the public debt during July amounted to only $7,900,000, a continuance of that rate per month would entirely extinguish the bonded indebtedness of the United States in less than twenty years.

—Negotiations between France and China at a standstill. War preparations continue. King Tuduc, of Annam, is dead and Phuduc is his successor. France demands the withdrawal of the Chinese troops from the Tonquin frontier.

ANOTHER GREAT TUNNEL PROJECTED.—And now it is proposed to join England and Ireland by a tunnel. The distance, by way of the small island on the coast near Port Patrick, is nearly fourteen and a half miles. It will be an immense advantage to Ireland to be connected directly by railroad with England, and, of course, of still greater advantage if the tunnel under the British Channel is ever constructed. *Demorest's Monthly for August.*

WASHINGTON, August 1. — The debt statement, issued to-day, shows the decrease of the public debt during the month of July to be $7,900,520.00; cash in the treasury, $301,536,345; gold certificates, $83,452,040.00; silver certificates, $89,271,411; certificates of deposit, outstanding, $12,810,000; refunding certificates outstanding, $377,700; legal tenders outstanding, $346,739,926; fractional currency outstanding, $699,241.

—The announcement comes from New York, and appears to be fully authenticated, that a controlling interest in the Richmond & Danville Railroad has been sold to what is known as the Seney syndicate, they having secured about 28,000 of the 50,000 shares issued. This same syndicate is behind the East Tennessee, Virginia & Georgia Railroad, and is the most powerful organization that has ever yet taken hold of Southern roads. This party will control about 2,500 miles of the Richmond & Danville and 1,500 of the East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia, making in all about 4,000 miles of road, whose gross earnings are from $10,000,000 to $12,000,000 per annum. It extends from Washington via the Virginia Midland to Danville, and from West Point, on the Chesapeake, to Richmond. It then continues via the Piedmont road, Carolina Central, and Charlotte, Columbia and Augusta, to Atlanta, Ga., and also via the Western North Carolina Railroad.—*Goldsboro Messenger.*

HAPPENINGS IN THE STATE.

—Thursday night Zeb Vance, Jr., and Zeb Cromwell got into a difficulty in the billiard-room under the Eagle Hotel. A few moments thereafter, both having left the saloon, while in front of Whitlock's store, Zeb Cromwell assaulted Zeb Vance, cutting him quite seriously in the neck, just missing the jugular vein, also in the shoulder and back. The wounds while serious, are not thought by Dr. Hilliard, who attended him, to be dangerous.—*Asheville Citizen.*

RALEIGH, N. C., August 3.—A party of forty excursionists from Pennsylvania arrived here to-day under the auspices of the State Immigration Society, their object being to examine lands with a view to secure the settlement here of a large number of Pennsylvanians. The visitors travel in a special train and are shown every courtesy. All are gratified with the treatment received, and think highly of the desirability of the State as a place for settlers. The party was entertained at Henderson by the Board of Trade. They adopted resolutions expressing thanks to the people of that town and recommending that all persons from Pennsylvania desiring to emigrate, to look first at the lands in this section of North Carolina. All of the party are well.—*News.*

—The Lenoir *Topic* publishes another instance of child poisoning. Poison was put on the mantlepiece for the purpose of killing cockroaches, and by some means the son of Mr. N. H. Gwyn got hold of it and ate some, causing death in a few hours.

A PLAGUE OF LOCUSTS.

Their Descent Upon Maracaibo.

Correspondence of the New York Tribune.

MARACAIBO, June 25.—That spawn of Satan, the locust, has again enveloped our fair city of Maracaibo, and spread its ravages for miles around. whether it is of the same species as those which Moses called down on the devoted heads of the Egyptians, I am unable to say, but I can aver from experience that a more diabolical creature does not exist. These locusts not only consume every blade of grass and every leaf they settle on, but even gnaw twigs off the trees, and thus destroy many and retard the growth of others. Not even the cocoanut tree whose leaves are of the toughest and most fibrous nature, escape their assaults, except such as grow near the lake shore, for the locusts seem to dread water though the severest rains do not affect them while clinging to trees. During their sojourn here no linen can be exposed to the open air, for even that they consume, and when they light on a person they have immediately to be pushed off, or they will gnaw the clothes from his back. This is not exaggeration. I was witness of its truth in the case of a servant whose total blindness enabled the locusts that lighted on her almost to destroy the calico dress she wore.

What I have detailed above, however, does not comprise all the mischief these flying fiends inflict, for being endowed with the faculty of expelling their digested food as fast as they consume it, they render the roofs unfit to convey water to the cisterns, on which we are entirely dependent for drinking water. We are thus compelled to close the outlet of our roofs during their stay here and for some time after, until the tiles are thoroughly cleansed. It might be said that this is not such a great evil, as water might be caught after the first shower during their absence. But they do not allow us that chance, as it is precisely during the rainy season, when verdure is freshest, that they appear. Losing then our opportunity of filling our tanks, we are left for six months thereafter without an adequate supply.

On their first incursion into Maracaibo two years ago, the excitement they created was intense, causing the death of many nervous invalids, and impressing every one with the dread of impending famine. Our municipal government at once offered a reward of eight reals per quintal of locusts, private enterprise launched flaming rockets in the passing swarm, bonfires were lighted, the church bells tolled, prayers were offered up to the saints, and the inevitable small boy set to work killing them (not the saints) wherever found. But every million so destroyed was replaced by millions more that took firm possession of the city and environs for nearly a week, and then departed for fresh fields and pastures new.

No one who has not seen a flight of locusts can realize the dense mass they form, countless as the sands of Sahara, passing through the air with a sound like the distant roar of breakers, and the knowledge that each single member of that mass is a concentrated essence of mischief, capable of illimitable reproduction, renders the sight truly appalling.

The locust, until the month of May, 1881, was unknown here, or in any part of Venezuela, though it had for years been laying waste the most fertile fields of our neighboring republic, Columbia, particularly the rich State of Cauca, which they raided for the space of three years. Thence they proceeded along the coast to the extensive pastures on the Goajira Peninsala, reducing the Indians there to absolute famine. Then they came here, devastated this part of the country, took occasional excursions to the cane, rice and corn plantations on the margin of the lake, settled down for a while in the interior States, with occasional visits to us, and ate now apparently on the wing for the Indian territory.

A Rising in Spain.

MADRID, August 6.—An outbreak among Spanish troops, reported from Portugal, occurred in the city of Badajos, capital of the Province of the same name. The garrison, numbering 700 men, pronounced for a republic, the constitution of 1869, and Ruiz Zorilla for President. The people and troops fraternize. Several regiments of soldiers have been dispatched to Badajos to suppress the rising.

MADRID, August 7.—The Badajos garrison disarmed the gendarmerie and customs guards, occupied the railway station and closed the gates of the fortress. A ministerial order has been gazetted, proclaiming a state of siege in Estramadura, and appointing Gen. Blanco commander of the forces in that Province. Eleven hundred persons participated in the proclamation of the Republic at Badajos—four hundred civilians having joined the soldiery. It is believed that the insurgents seized several thousand muskets, which had been deposited in the fortress. The customs guards refused to join the movement. It is stated at Lisbon that Ruiz Zorilla planned the rising. Gen. Blanco is on his way to Badajos from Madrid, with a strong force.

—The fight between Postmaster General Gresham and Mr. M. A. Dauphin waxes warmer and warmer. The Postmaster General has stopped the delivery of letters containing money to the manager of the Louisiana Lottery in New Orleans, and the determined efforts of the police have apparently if not actually closed up the numerous lottery and policy shops which for years openly carried on business in Washington city. But the newspapers still continue to publish the flaming advertisements of the lottery company, with the request to send letters containing money to the New Orleans National Bank, instead of to Dauphin, the manager, as heretofore. This is intended to flank the order of the Postmaster General cutting off Dauphin. It can scarcely be followed by a similar order as for the Bank, unless the Postmaster General can discover some method by which the money packages intended for the lottery company can be distinguished from those connected with the legitimate business of the bank.—*News and Observer.*

Remember the Sixty Day Bargain Book Sales at
SALEM BOOKSTORE.

—The High Point *Farm and Fireside* says: We were not long since at the home of C. J. Wheeler, where harvesting peaches is the busiest duty of the day. He has lovely orchards and his Amsden and June peaches brought him, when shipped to New York, five dollars per bushel. There is nothing like knowing how to sell early peaches after you have raised them.

Cholera!
CHOLERA MORBUS
CHOLERA INFANTUM
ASIATIC CHOLERA
ALL CHOLERA DISEASES
YIELD TO THE INFLUENCE OF
Perry Davis's Pain Killer
The GREAT REMEDY for every kind of BOWEL DISORDER.

Captain Ira B. Foss, of Goldsborough, Maine, says: "One of my sailors was attacked severely with cholera morbus. We administered Pain Killer, and saved him."

J. W. Simonds, Brattleboro, Vt., says: "In cases of cholera morbus and sudden attacks of summer complaints, I have never found it to fail."

ALL THE DRUGGISTS SELL IT.

THOSE WISHING
Tomb Stones
will please bring in their orders at once. I have a new brick shop and am prepared to fill orders promptly.
I. W. DURHAM,
Winston, N. C.

TUTT'S PILLS
TORPID BOWELS, DISORDERED LIVER, and MALARIA.
From these sources arise three-fourths of the diseases of the human race. These symptoms indicate their existence: Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Sick Headache, fullness after eating, aversion to exertion of body or mind, Eructation of food, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, A feeling of having neglected some duty, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, highly colored Urine, CONSTIPATION, and demand the use of a remedy that acts directly on the Liver. As a Liver medicine TUTT'S PILLS have no equal. Their action on the Kidneys and Skin is also prompt; removing all impurities through these three "scavengers of the system," producing appetite, sound digestion, regular stools, a clear skin and a vigorous body. TUTT'S PILLS cause no nausea or griping nor interfere with daily work and are a perfect
ANTIDOTE TO MALARIA.
Sold everywhere, 25c. Office, 44 Murray St., N.Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.
GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed instantly to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.
Office, 44 Murray Street, New York.
TUTT'S MANUAL OF USEFUL RECEIPTS FREE.

BETHANY ACADEMY,
BETHANY P. O., N. C.
THE FALL SESSION of this School will begin August 6th, and continue twenty-weeks. All English Branches, with Latin, French, Mathematics, &c., will be taught.
Board $6 to $8 per month.
Tuition $1 to $3 per month.
For further information address the Principal, E. E. RAPER,
Bethany, N. C.

BINGHAM SCHOOL,
(Established in 1793,)
Is PRE-EMINENT among Southern Boarding Schools for Boys, in Age, in Numbers, in Area of Patronage and in equipment for Physical Culture.
The 179th Session will begin Aug. 1st, 1883.
Maj. R. BINGHAM, Sup't.
Bingham School P. O., Orange Co., N. C.

University of North Carolina
NEXT SESSION BEGINS AUGUST 30th, 1883. Regular Courses of Study lead to A. B., Phi. B., and B. S. Special Courses are open to Students. Schools of Law, Medicine and Pharmacy attached. A Teacher's Course of two years has been established. For particulars, address
KEMP P. BATTLE, LL. D., Pres.
Aug. 3, 1883,-31. Chapel Hill, N. C.

LIVER WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS
Secure Healthy action to the Liver and relieve all bilious troubles.
Purely Vegetable; No Griping. Price 25c. All Druggists

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS
MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD,
And will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 Pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks, may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. For curing Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. Physicians use them in their practice. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for eight letter-stamps. Send for circular. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

DIPHTHERIA CROUP, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.
JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT will instantaneously relieve these terrible diseases, and will positively cure nine cases out of ten. Information that will save many lives sent free by mail. Don't delay a moment. Prevention is better than cure.
JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT (For Internal and External Use). CURES Neuralgia, Influenza, Sore Lungs, Bleeding at the Lungs, Chronic Hoarseness, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Chronic Rheumatism, Chronic Diarrhœa, Chronic Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Kidney Troubles, Diseases of the Spine and Lame Back. Sold everywhere. Send for pamphlet to I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

An English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist, now traveling in this country, says that most of the Horse and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Dose, 1 teaspoonful to 1 pint food. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 6 letter-stamps. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.
MAKE HENS LAY

SPRING AND SUMMER, 1883.
HINSHAW & BYNUM,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL MERCHANTS,
Fourth Street, WINSTON, N. C.

IN making this announcement we are pleased to say that our business has grown far beyond our most sanguine expectations and in purchasing our regular
SPRING AND SUMMER STOCK,
which we are now opening, we have endeavored to buy such goods as will meet
THE WANTS OF OUR CUSTOMERS.
We long ago recognized the fact that business does not go by favor but that people will trade where they can get the
MOST GOODS FOR THE LEAST MONEY.
We are in position to give our customers as many or more goods for the same money than any house in the State. Why:
1st. We have had seventeen years' experience in the mercantile business and know what to buy to best advantage and when to buy.
2nd. We have sufficient capital to enable us to do our business to best advantage.
3rd. We have the most commodious, best arranged store house and most convenient facilities for doing business of any house here.
4th. We know the best is the cheapest, and employ the best Salesmen that can be had.
5th. We do business at a less per cent. of cost on actual sales each succeeding year.
We ask your consideration of the above facts and examination of our Stock which is partly composed of

150 Bags of Coffee.
40 Barrels of Sugar.
65 Barrels Syrup and Molasses.
25 Boxes of Meat.
5 Tierces of Lard.
10 Barrels of Coal Oil.
3 Barrels Lindseed Oil
2000 lbs. Lewis' White Lead.
300 Sacks of Salt.
10 Rolls Sole Leather.
125 Kegs of Nails.
25 " Horse and Mule Shoes.
30 Boxes Horse Shoe Nails.
50 doz. Handled Hoes.
50 doz. Shovels, Forks and Spades.
20 dozen Grass and Grain Blades.
5 doz. Grain Cradles.
1500 Bulltongues and Shovels.

Specialties in large quantities at factory prices.
F. H. Fries' Jeans, Cottonades, Sheeting and Bunch Cotton.
35 Bales Bellmont Plaids.
Eagle and Phœnix Jeans, Cottonades, Ticks, Hickory Shirting, Gingham, Sewing Cotton, &c.
T. Miles' Sons Ladies, Misses and Gentlemen's Fine Shoes.
Bay State Shoes and Boots.
James A. Leach's Thomasville Shoes.
J. & P. Coats' Spool Cotton.
Home Spool Cotton
"Excelsior" Cook Stoves, the best made.

The ladies will find a complete line of Dress Goods and Trimmings and all the Novelties of the season in our Retail Store and are cordially invited to call and examine our stock and prices before making their purchases. Our stock in this line is unsurpassed and prices not equalled.
We don't buy by sample, all of our goods in this department are selected in New York and other Northern cities by one of the firm. This way we get later styles and make better selections than merchants who depend on buying from "drummers" can possibly get.

15 Cases Prints.
10 Cases of Cottonades and Jeans.
10 Cases and Bales Bleached and fine brown Domestics.
5 Cases Worsted and Dress Goods.
4 Cases Percale and Lawn.
20 Cases Notions.
150 Cases Boots and Shoes.
35 Cases Hats.
2 Cases Cassimere.
200 Suits of Clothing.
2 Cases Shirts.
2 Cases Umbrellas and Parasols.
3 Cases School Books, Stationary and Blank Books.
10 Cases Clocks.
Full stock of Patent Medicines, Drugs, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Cotton and Jute Rope, Buckets Tubs, Kegs, &c.
25 Cases Tinware, Hollowware, Shot, Lead, &c.

5,000 Bags Star Brand Special Tobacco Manure for the tobacco crop and we will have 10,000 Bags of the Celebrated Star Brand Wheat Manure for the wheat crop this fall. We invite everybody to come and see us.
Yours very truly,
HINSHAW & BYNUM.
Winston, N. C., May 1st, 1883.

T'S
ILLS
BOWELS,
ED LIVER,
ALARIA,
arise three-fourths of human race. These ir existence: Loss of ostive, Sick Head- eating, aversion to r mind, Eructation y of temper, Low f having neglected s, Fluttering at the he eyes, highly col- IPATION, and de- body that acts directly er medicine TUTT'S . Their action on the so prompt; removing h these three "scav- rs," producing appe- gular stools, a clear dy. TUTT'S PILLS gripping nor interfere to a perfect
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ffice, 44 Murray St., N.Y.
AIR DYE.
USKERS changed in- BLACK by a single ap- Sold by Druggists, receipt of $1. Street, New York.
SEFUL RECEIPTS FREE.
ACADEMY,
P. O., N. C.
SION of this School st 6th, and continue nglish Branches, with matics, &c., will be
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SCHOOL,
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T among Southern Boys, in Age, in of Patronage and ysical Culture.
l begin Aug. 1st, 1883.
NGHAM, Sup't.
O., Orange Co., N. C.
North Carolina
BEGINS AUGUST ular Courses of Study E., and B. S. Special Students. Schools of Pharmacy attached. A two years has been es- cellars, address TLE, LL. D., Pres. Chapel Hill, N. C.
WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS
Secure Healthy action to the Liver and relieve all bil- ious troubles. ring. Price 25c. All Druggists
PILLS
BLOOD,
ree months. Any per- be restored to sound its these Pills have no re, or sent by mail for ., BOSTON, MASS.
A. BRONCHITIS. LINIMENT will instan- diseases, and will positively . Don't delay a moment.
T (For Internal and Ex- ternal Use). CURES ing Cough, Whooping Cough, ney Troubles, Diseases of the Co., BOSTON, MASS.
NS LAY
n Powders. Dose, 1 teasp'n- SON & Co., BOSTON, MASS.
1883.
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by Full stock of Patent his Medicines, Drugs, ater Paints, Oils, Varnish- hes, Cotton and Jute Rope, Buckets Tubs, an Kegs, &c.
om 25 Cases Tinware, es- Hollowware, Shot, Lead, &c.
for the tobacco crop Star Brand Wheat everybody to come
BYNUM.

The People's Press.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 9, 1883.

LOCAL ITEMS.

AN EPITOME OF THE WEEK'S DOINGS.

New Advertisements.

See notice of sale of the plantation of the late Henry Perrell.

Standard Laundry Wax, and Continental Hoof Ointment.

—The premiums offered at the Forsyth County Wheat and Cattle Fair are open to the citizens of Forsyth County, and the State at large.

—Forsyth Inferior Court next Monday.

—E. Belo, Esq., is in a very precarious state of health.

—Rev. J. T. Zorn is at Baltimore, in the interest of Salem Academy.

—Corn suffering very much from the drought in this section.

—An interesting letter from Rev. C. L. Rights appears in this issue.

—Miss E. A. Lehman and Miss E. Chitty have returned from their Northern tour.

—See correction in regard to the premiums offered at the Forsyth County Wheat and Cattle Fair.

—A. Butner, of Salem Hotel, threshed out one hundred and 122 bushels of wheat from 5 bushels sown.

—The rite of confirmation was administered to one person in the Moravian church on last Sunday night.

—W. T. Vogler fell from the scaffold of his new dwelling, on Wednesday of last week, and sustained painful injuries.

—Prof. P. J. Leonard closes his singing school at Abbott's Creek, on 2nd Sunday in August, with a public concert.

—George W. Zimmerman threshed out 127 bushels of wheat from 5 bushels sown. His whole crop was 144 bushels from 3 sown.

—Midshipman Willie Gray, of Winston, is ordered for duty about Sept. 1, for a cruise in the West Indian, Mediterranian and Chinese seas.

—There will be a Sunday School gathering at Providence Church, eight miles above this place, on the mountain road, on Saturday.

—The potato crop is very short. Some of our best patches around town only yield about 8 or 10 bushels, where last year over 25 bushels were gathered.

—The following officers have been installed for the ensuing term of Salem Lodge, No. 36, I. O. O. F.:

N. G., G. R. Shultz; V. G., R. B. Kerner; Secretary, J. R. Burton; Treasurer, W. A. Walker.

—Dr. Rondthalers's sermon was particularly entertaining on Sunday evening last, as he gave a highly interesting description of Monteagle Sunday School Assembly. A large and attentive congregation was present. We are under obligations to Dr. R. for a descriptive letter which appears in another column.

Rev. L. B. Wurreschke also writes a very acceptable letter, a series of which will appear in our columns.

—Many of our farmers are making hay this week. The number of mowing machines and horse rakes is increasing every year, and ere long there will be few good farmers who will not own mowers and reapers combined and perhaps steam ploughing will be indulged in. We are satisfied that the road steamer will become an institution among us, for threshing purposes. Several are now in satisfactory operation in Davie and Davidson counties.

—The excursion of colored people, which was to have gone from this place to Columbia, S. C., on Saturday last was a failure; the amount of money raised being insufficient to start the train. They were to pay $1200 for the train, and only about $800 could be collected. They had to pay $600 forfeit. The trustees of the colored M. E. church mortgaged the church to raise the money. It has created a great deal of dissatisfaction in their congregation; and a probable law-suit will be the result of the whole matter.—*Leader.*

THE LARGEST YIELD YET.—Mr. R. L. Cox, of Sedge Garden, is recognized as one of the leading farmers in the county. He was in the city Saturday and had only the day before finished threshing his wheat crop. Upon inquiry we obtained the following: He sowed 27 bushels on 50 acres and threshed out 775 bushels of strictly first-class wheat, above the standard in weight, being an average of 28 and 19-27th bushels to the bushel sowing and an average of 15½ bushels to the acre. This is the best average yet reported. One thing is especially worthy of note, Mr. Cox sowed but little more than ½ bushel to the acre while in the other crops reported the sowings were nearly double this amount.—*Republican.*

A Correction.

I notice an article being copied by several papers through the State, and in some of our own town papers, to the effect that all the premiums offered at the Forsyth County Fair, to be held here August 30th and 31st, would be awarded to citizens of other counties. This is an error and calculated to do us and our countymen an injury, and I hope you will correct it and ask all papers that have copied it to make the correction. The premiums are open to the citizens of Forsyth County, and the State at large alike, and we hope that we will have a very large number of exhibitors from Forsyth and the adjoining counties and will be glad to have exhibitors from any section of the State. We are willing to put the Wheat, Cattle, Hogs and Horses raised in this section against not only all of North Carolina but against any exhibit that any portion of the United States can make. Yours, very truly,

GEO. W. HINSHAW.

August 5th, 1813.

—BLANK BOOKS at the Salem Book store.

DAVIE COUNTY.—Tuesday morning the wife of Peter Kerr, colored, left her three children at home and went to Mr. Gaither's to wash. During the afternoon between 1 and 2 o'clock while the baby, about two or three years of age was sitting in the yard, his brother, about 6 years old got an old gun and laid it in the window and discharged it, the contents entering the left eye of the child killing him instantly. When the crowd arrived at the house they found that the boy had covered the face of the dead child with soot to stop the blood. When asked who killed the baby, he said he didn't know, that he was on the bed when it was done, and the girl who is about two years older, can't tell anything about it. This is another warning to parents not to leave firearms within the reach of children.

Davie Times

Magistrates' Meeting.

The magistrates of the county held their meeting on Monday. The new magistrates were sworn in. The following is a list, the first person named in each township serves for four years, the others for six years, unless otherwise specified:

Winston Township—T B Douthit, S H Hauser, Chesley Hamlin, T T Best, Martin Grogan, John Masten, Jno W Fries, C H Fogle and B J Sheppard.

South Fork—W B Stafford, John Boyer and C P Sides.

Old Town—J M Richmond, S S Hauser, Jno L Pratt and J H Reich.

Broadbay—Dempsy Baily, Rob't Kester and S A Hege.

Abbott's Creek—Joseph Phipps, Aquilla Pitts and Sandford Snyder.

Middle Fork—W A Lowry, P A Cox and J F Armfield.

Kernersville—W P Wilson, V W Perry and J M Guyer.

Belew's Creek—N W Fulp, Balaam Hester and I A Robertson.

Salem Chapel—T N Marshall, T J Valentine and J D Waddill, Jr.

Bethania—R L Cox, N F Sullivan and E T Lehman.

Old Richmond—R A Hauser, H B Holder and Jas Scales.

Vienna—E A. Conrad, S D Davis and W H Goslen.

Lewisville—Geo F Mock, Walter R Waggner, Albert W Craft and Milton Blackburn.

We would notify the reading public that for the next Sixty Days, we will sell a SELECT LOT OF *MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS*, suitable for all tastes, AT AND BELOW COST. There is no mistake about it.

A lot of shelf-worn and second hand books very CHEAP.

Call and examine.

These are all CLEARANCE SALES, and all should avail themselves of this Sixty Day opportunity.

Commissioners' Court.

MONDAY.

Ordered that the following persons who have given in their lists to the Clerk of the Board be allowed to list their taxes for 1883, to-wit:

W L Sink, G Z Crews, Frank Matthews, W P Hampton, W R Wilson, Jesse Clodfelter, Mrs C E Welborn, Wm Clinard, P W Raper, J F Miller, J W Hege, Rufus Foy, Geo H Brooks, G A Oehman, C J Knott, N G Moser, C H Shouse, Gladson Shouse, W W Gladson, Chas E Ebert, Geo Siewers and Dr Wheeler, upon paying the Clerk for the same 25 cents, also Mrs Green Newsom, D H Blum, R A Shutt and F Howard.

Ordered, that J E Faw be appointed to have such repairs done on Todd's bridge as is needed, and report his proceedings to the Board.

W M Carter was granted license to retail liquors in Kernersville till the 1st day of October.

A Salmonds was also granted license to retail liquors at his stand on Germanton Road till 1st Monday in Oct., deducting from tax 12 days.

Petition from E C Dull and others for a public road in Lewisville township, was taken up and after hearing the evidence for and against the said petition, was ordered by the Board.

This being the day appointed for the Justices of the Peace to meet with the Board for the purpose of levying State and County taxes for the year 1883, the Board, with a majority of the Justices of the Peace being present, proceeded to levy the taxes for 1883, as follows: for State taxes, 25 cents on the $100 valuation, and 75 cents on the poll; State school taxes, 12½ cents on the $100 valuation, and 37½ cents on the poll; for County taxes and General County Fund, 22 cents on the $100 valuation, and 66c. on the poll; for school tax special fund, 2 cents on the $100 valuation, and 6 cents on the poll, also the same tax for the county as is levied by the State under Schedule B.

R. F. Whicker was granted a license to retail liquor at his place till the 1st Monday in October.

TUESDAY.—Ordered by the Board that Willis Lawrence be appointed to examine the stock law fence in Old Richmond township, around what is known as the North part of said township, the said fence having been let out under contract by J. B. Stone, A. C. Reed and J. C. Fleming as the fence committee, and report his proceedings to the Board at its next regular meeting.

Ordered that the lands of Dr. E. Fulp, lying in Forsyth county, be taxed by the Register in this county, for all purposes.

Ordered that the Treasurer pay to the Sheriff of Forsyth county the sum of $195.09, and also the sum of $4 as commission, it being an execution issued from Davie county for costs in the case of Commissioners of Forsyth county vs. Lash Administrators.

Ordered that all school funds belonging to the school district in Winston corporation be turned over to the Treasurer of the Graded School Commissioners of Winston, upon satisfactory evidence that said Treasurer has complied with the law by giving the Bond required in compliance with the provisions of Sec. 36 of an act to consolidate and revise the charter of Winston, ratified March 12th, 1879.

Ordered that a stock law tax be levied on all real estate in Vienna and Lewisville stock law districts sufficient to raise the sum of $200 to pay off certain outstanding claims and to make repairs.

A. S. Wagoner was appointed keeper of the County Poor House for 12 months from the 1st of August, 1883, at the price of $400 and to furnish stock, farming tools and cook at his own expense and to devote all his time to the county as heretofore; repairs of of farming tools to be paid by the county.

—The largest and most complete assortment of

ZIEGLER BROTHER'S SHOES

ever brought to this market, just received. H. W. FRIES.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS FROM OUR FRIENDS.

Natural Bridge and Luray Cave, Va.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—You are aware that in my life it has been my fortune, —whether good or bad, I needn't tell, —to live at different places in widely different countries. You know that, among the rest, I have become familiar with the valley of the Rhine and its tributaries from Mayence to Cologne, not only as a tourist, but as a three year's resident, traveling about a great deal during that time, on foot, by rail road or on the river. This I mention, because I want to describe a short but exquisitely successful tour which I lately made through scenery reminding me of nothing so much as the well known scenery around old Father Rhine. Of course there are differences and distinctions enough between the valley of the upper James and the valley of the Rhine below Mayence and Cologne,—and between the valley of Virginia, which crosses the valley of the James, and the valley of the Moselle and Lahn, which both together cross the valley of the Rhine in about the same manner. Vineyards there, — fruitful fields and pastures here,—works of men's hands predominate on the Rhine—virgin forests on the Upper James River.—many and interesting mighty monuments there, forming landmarks in the political history of the world, some nearly two thousand years old,—here, in this so-called 'new' world indeed nothing of that old lumber of political history, no high roads on which the cruel legions of Cæsar traveled for their sanguinary warfare, no remnants and mementos of the deplorable Middle Ages,—instead of that, many wonderfully pure traces, which the very chisel of nature left, when giving to this wide country its present shape, during the ages that are past. Among these great mementos or wonderworks, which nature left in the beautiful valley of Virginia, the two which I visited on my late tour are by very far the grandest. They both belong to the most magnificent wonderworks of this globe and are, undoubtedly, not only unsurpassed, but the most wonderful and the grandest of their kind. They are the Natural Bridge, in Rockbridge County, and Luray Cave, in Page county. Both are very accessible from Salem, which town, though situated in the south and not among the mountains, (only 'Pede montium', hence in the 'Piedmont' district) yet is really favorably and centrally placed for easily reaching both the sea and mountain regions of high magnitude. That Natural Bridge and Luray Cave can be so easily reached from here I know to be not generally understood. The fact is, that a connecting Railroad, which furnishes the key to the situation, has but lately been opened, and seemed not to be known by any one with whom I spoke before starting on July 30, A. C. If, in what I have to say before actually coming to the telling of my story I seem too diffuse, excuse me. I only wish to explain the circumstances and the situation in such a way that other lovers and admirers of the great works of nature may not be kept from visiting the two named wonders by a mistaken idea of the difficulty connected with reaching them. The tour on which I visited and thoroughly 'took in' both with her surroundings, lasted from Monday morning till Thursday noon—i. e. half a week.

Had I not long ago formed the habit of doing beforehand and in good time whatever I know will have to be done, and therefore packed my valise for myself and little son in the evening, I should certainly have missed the train on Monday morning. For, as may happen to any one, I had overslept myself. As it was, we had a sharp run to the depot, and soon after a start without breakfast. Of course, we could have supplied the want of breakfast and paying either 75 or 50 cents apiece, but economical reasons prevented. Besides, having but the day before heard in the evening sermon that an occasional fasting is good, both physically and spiritually, a doctrine perfectly agreeing with my own principles, we could make even a virtue of a necessity. Happily, we procured a cup of coffee and a glass of milk; but a sandwich or anything to eat that could be paid for by the piece, was not to be had. This paying for anything you select and take is certainly the most fair and economical for all parties: it is what you can have all over Europe, and it is the method in vogue at all Northern Railway stations that I have seen. Why is this method, as it seems, so purposely avoided south of Richmond? Are only those expected to travel here, to whom 75 cents is of no import?

Of course, you are perfectly familiar with the further journey via Danville to Lynchburg,—to us, however, it was new from Danville on. It was therefore with considerable interest that we saw the fresh and cheerful-looking country of Virginia (name known by me in childhood only from geography book) being whirled past our car window. The people around us, among them a happy family with nice little children, seemed to be all in good spirits and perfectly at peace with themselves and with the world. All were at home near by, had been born and raised near and expected some far off day also to die near about here. Whoever would have foretold to myself when yet a child in a quiet little town of Saxony, that some day I should find my home in North Carolina, and would travel through Virginia,—would have seemed to tell a strange tale. Still here I was, at last nearing Lynchburg, too, and beginning to feel an appetite. Presently we became aware that the wheels are making that certain hammering sound one always notices when approaching some city, a sound indicative of iron girders, subways under viaducts and echoes from closely surrounding warehouses. A large, fine river, canals, wooden and iron bridges, factories and warehouses, drays rattling on stone pavements, long trains of wagons with coal and iron ore, and empty wagon trains and many other indications of having entered a busy city, goes by in rapid succession. Now we halt—dinner at a dining room kept by the Relay House, making up for neglecting breakfast—then on foot with valise in hand, over a canal bridge to the depot of Richmond & Alleghany Railroad, one and a half return tickets to Natural Bridge station, 40 miles distant, including stages to and from hotel, 3 miles each, one ticket at not more than $2.75. And now our tour proper begins. But I fear I have already overstepped the limits of one letter, and will break off for to-day, hoping to continue my tale next week. You will find my sudden breaking off all the more reasonable when I recall to your mind that my vacation is not far from drawing to a close, and tell you that on Monday morning I want to start yet for another little walking tour to the near neighborhood, and that now it is already late on Saturday night.

Hence, as the lively Gaul would express it, Au revoir! sans Adieux.

Yours Truly,

L. B. W.

About Monteagle.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Having been appointed to deliver a lecture before the Sunday School Assembly at Monteagle, Tenn., Br. Jas. T. Lineback and myself left for that place on Monday, July 23rd. At Greensboro we found that round-trip tickets had been issued between that point and Monteagle at $20.40,—a very reasonable price when we consider that the distance thither and back is about 1100 miles. Our route took us thrcugh the romantic mountain region of our own State. The ascent of the Western Carolina Railroad to the top of the Blue Ridge is a marvel of engineering. The track creeps up the Valley of Mill Creek and its branches; it winds back and forth amid the most beautiful scenery; at one place three tracks are seen to lie almost parallel to each other; and thus, at last, after the passage of a long tunnel, the top of the Suananoa Gap is reached. After passing through Western Carolina our route took us through Eastern Tennessee. Nowhere have we seen more beautiful corn-fields than in the bottoms of the French Broad and of the Big Pigeon rivers. The drought was having no effect on the large, green, full-eared stalks. The soil of Eastern Tennessee is limestone, is already greatly improved and is capable of still greater development. Knoxville and Chattanooga are very flourishing towns. The latter especially is a beautiful place. When one looks down upon it from Camel Hill, notes its lovely situation along the Tennessee River, with the Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain near by, so famous in the history of the Civil War; when one views the rolling-mills, stores, churches, and dwelling-houses finely grouped upon the hills, the whole place seems as fair a picture of the New South as you will anywhere find. The scenery along the road from Chattanooga to Nashville is very striking. For a considerable distance the railroad winds among rugged mountains or beside the Tennessee River. It dips down both into Georgia and Alabama and then returning to Middle Tennessee, it skirts along the Cumberland Mountains. At the station, Cowan, about 80 miles from Nashville, a branch road is taken, which, by one of the steepest grades in the United States, climbs to the top of the Cumberland Mountains. Here, on almost level ground, Monteagle is situated, at a height of 2100 feet above the sea, lifted above malaria and extreme summer heat, a beautiful expanse of shady forest.

A number of earnest Christian men are endeavoring to do for the South at Monteagle what has been so grandly done for the North at Chatauqua, N. Y. They propose to furnish a Christian summer resort, at moderate cost. Here a great Sunday School Assembly is to be annually gathered, lectures given, missionary conferences held, classes arranged for teachers and others who desire instruction in certain branches of study. It is their intention to make it a great Christian and Sunday-school centre for all the evangelical denominations in the South.

We were surprised to find how much had already been accomplished towards these ends. One hundred acres of grassy woodland, abundantly supplied with springs, have been enclosed with a steel-wire fence. Within this ample space, roads and walks have been laid out, bridges built and the beginnings made of a beautiful park. An amphitheatre has been erected on a shady hillside, capable of seating 2000 people. A spacious restaurant has been put up where guests are boarded at $5 per week. The many tents give a pleasing aspect to the forest landscape. They are of the best military pattern, have wooden floors, and are furnished with cot-beds. Some of them are large and are intended for meeting and school purposes, while others are arranged for families. Swings and croquet and tennis grounds render the place attractive for children and young people, while the chime of three very large and melodious bells gives life to the park, at the same time that it regulates the work and recreation of the day. Dr. Vincent, the head of the Northern Chatauqua, declared that Monteagle, in its first year, was far ahead of the beginnings of his own great institution.

Let me describe a day at Monteagle. It may serve as a specimen of any of the days between July 17th and August 6th, during which the Assembly has, this year been held. At six, A. M., the bells chime out the rising hour. Half an hour later there is morning prayer in the amphitheatre for those who desire to attend. At nine, a gifted lady holds a children's hour in the children's tent, a meeting largely attended by grown people likewise. At the same hour, lessons are given in various branches of study, discussions are held among teachers in the Normal tent, or, if you choose you can listen to Effendi Van Lennep's Biblical Illustrations in the amphitheatre, or inspect his large Oriental Museum. At eleven o'clock the first lecture of the day is given; at three in the afternoon the second, and at eight in the evening the third. These are delivered in the amphitheatre by speakers engaged from various parts of the South. Five, P. M., is the ordinary hour for a Concert, a Pronouncing Match, an Elocutionary Display, or a Missionary Conference. Occasionally, after the day's exercises, an exhibit of fireworks is given. This is a very full programme, but no one is expected to to take more of it than they want. Instead of going to a class or a lecture, you are perfectly free to go to the mines or the caves or the pillared rocks, with their vast outlook over the plain far below.

We were struck with the average ability of the lecturers. They came fully prepared to handle their various instructive themes. We spent no wasted hours in the amphitheatre or class tents. While the merit was, of course, not equal, every exercise was fairly up to the mark. There was a delightful social atmosphere pervading the place. This was largely due to the tact and heartiness of the Rev. I. H. Warren and of Mr. W. H. Morrow, the chief managers of the Assembly, who strove to make every one feel at home. Seventeen evangelical denominations from twenty States in the Union, were represented on the grounds, and we noticed no jealousy or clashing of any kind.

Among the guests of the Assembly was a citizen of Georgia, whom the whole country loves to honor, Senator A. H. Colquitt. A General during the Civil War, since Governor of his State, and now United States Senator, he is not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ. It was our privilege to hear two addresses from him. He occupied the pulpit of the amphitheatre on the Sunday evening which closed our attendance at Monteagle. We shall not forget the scene or the hour. The stars were shining upon the grove; the open sides of the amphitheatre were enveloped in darkness; an intent audience, largely composed of young people, occupied the rising tiers of seats. The Senator's theme was Home-life, and he plead earnestly, with much pictorial eloquence, for the use of the Bible and family prayer, as an antidote to the evils with which homes are, at present, threatened in our country. It was a plea worthy of a statesman and a Christian.

The beginnings of such an enterprise as Monteagle are attended with much expense and great difficulties. Should the next years, however, prove proportionately successful with the first, great good will be achieved for the South, and every one who has been there will have ample reason to rejoice in the fact.

Yours, truly,

EDWARD RONDTHALER.

Salem, N. C., August 7, 1883.

KERNERSVILLE LETTER.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Among the items in last week's *Press* I noticed that Rev. Wm. Holland and family were at Salem, and this set me to thinking what changes time brings about in relation to families, in a few generations.

Perhaps one hundred years ago, the great-grand-father of the gentleman in question, came to Salem from Sheffield, in England, and settled here because it was a Moravian community, as he was a Moravian where he came from. His first wife came from Bethania; her maiden name was Strupe, and she died leaving one child, John Holland, the potter, who lived and died in Salem. Who his second wife was I do not remember; with her he had four sons, Thomas, William, Benjamin and Timothy. These all grew up and were educated in Salem, and in accordance with the good "old time" Moravian custom, they all learned trades. John was a potter, Thomas and William were cabinet makers, Benjamin was a tanner and Timothy a shoemaker. John married Miss Mary Hamilton, Thomas, Miss Mary Hauser, William, Miss Elizabeth Shcemaker, Benjamin, a Miss Banner, and Timothy Miss Wright. With the exception of John, they all settled in the neighborhood of Salem on farms, and by their industry made good livings, and all had considerable families; and to-day there is not one of the name living in the county; in fact, there is but one of the name, John Holland, a son of William Holland, Jun., in this country, and he lives in Davidson County,—the rest are either dead or gone West. And when the gentleman first referred to came the other day to Salem, he had no relative whose hospitality he might claim; and there was even no room in the hotel, as "Uncle Adam" is full. Dr. J. A. Butner and his lady kindly took them in, and cared for them during their stay. The *Press* says, Mr. Holland is pastor of the First Presbyterian church at Pittsburg, Pa. I am sorry for that, as he is talented and was educated for a Moravian minister, and his great-grand-father came all the way from England to help plant Moravianism in this country; and now, after three generations, he has but one single representative by name, Rev. F. R. Holland, of Hope, Ind., in the Moravian church.

There is talent in that family: One grand daughter of Timothy Holland is practicing law, and is the first lady that ever made application and received license to practice in this State; another of her sisters is a physician,—they are Miss Holtons.

Three years ago I was in Hope, Ind., and at Mr. Sowers' I saw a secretary and bookcase; after looking at it some time, I said, "that looks like the kind of work Thomas Holland used to make in North Carolina." Mr. Sowers said, "that is one of Thomas Holland's jobs. He made it soon after he moved out here.

The old race of Hollands were all "mighty hunters;" and as a boy I used to love to hear them relate their exploits in the chase; and no one returning from a day's hunt, perhaps tired and foot-sore, could pass their door without a cordial invitation to come in and break bread with them. But the deer are gone, the hunters are at rest, and those who still remember their stirring stories, will soon follow in the train.

The weather continues hot and dry; the only business that seems to be flourishing is brickmaking, and on several yards the work is going on rapidly.

W. C. Stafford has bought the lot on the cross street at our end of the town, containing the cottage lately erected by J. W. Beard; it will be a pretty place to live.

Mrs. Rights' school has been going on without interruption notwithstanding the hot weather.

C. B. Hasten has gone South as agent for Kerner, Griendfield & Co., and Jacob Hasten for the Kernersville Manufacturing Company; and Mr. Medarus represents Beard & Roberts, all tobacco manufacturers.

My neighbor, Robert Fulton, says he came across three wild turkey hens the other day, and in their train were about 60 young ones that will make good Christmas roasts. C. L. R.

Kernersville, N. C., Aug. 6, 1883.

Sunday School Association at Union Ridge, July 28th, 1883.

A very large number of people assembled at this well known Sunday School. Rev. Joseph Miller delivered the opening address.

The following persons addressed the people on the various topics chosen for the day: Mr. Philip Hopkins, of Winston; Mr. Chas. Rothrock, (son of Dr. Rothrock, of Davidson County), gave a very interesting address on "Flight of Time." Mr. Rothrock is a young man of considerable promise, and a bright future awaits him. Rev. Mr. Baxley also made a most excellent address. The Essays read by Misses Bettie Charles and S. E. Long, were well given and written in good style, and highly appropriate for the occasion. W. H. Shepperd, Mr. Bodenhamer, A. P. Snider, all spoke well and interested the people greatly. The closing addresses were made by Rev. H. A. Brown, of Winston, and Rev. Albert Peel, in the evening. It was one of the most interesting meetings of the kind we have ever witnessed. We are pleased to see the increased interest manifested for the cause. Rev. H. A. Brown closed the exercises with a fervent prayer.

—Elder Wm. Turner delivered an excellent sermon on Sunday, August 4th, to a large congregation. He remarked during his sermon, that it was forty-two years since he had preached his first sermon at New Friendship. He has been pastor of this church for thirty-four years, with the exception of three years. Noah Killian, of Missouri, was among the congregation. He is a native of this section and met many of his old friends here.

MARRIED.

On the 19th July, at Friedberg, by Rev. James E. Hall, Mr. LEVI MILLER to Miss BELINDA ROTHROCK.

On Thursday, July 12th, in this county, Mr. JOHN MILTON WILLIARD to Miss CLEMENTINE SMITH.

DIED.

In Abbott's Creek township, on the 6th inst., Mrs. ANN ELIZA HEDGECOCK, aged 66 years, 10 months and 8 days. Elder Wm. Turner preached her funeral sermon, in connection with that of her son WILLIAM R., to a large congregation of people.

WISE people are always on the lookout for chances to increase their earnings, and in time become wealthy; those who do not improve their opportunities remain in poverty. We offer a great chance to make money. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

SALE OF LAND.

BY virtue of a decree of the Superior Court of Forsyth County, on MONDAY, THE 3RD DAY OF SEPTEMBER, 1883, I will sell at the COURT-HOUSE DOOR IN WINSTON, EIGHTY ACRES of land, belonging to the estate of Henry Perrell, dec'd, lying in the county of Forsyth, and adjoining the lands of Augustus Fogle, and others.

Said Real Estate lies within 3 miles of Salem, with two story dwelling house and all necessary and convenient outhouses situated thereon, and is good, arable land.

Will be sold upon a credit of three months, bond with approved security required. Title reserved until payment of purchase money. Sale to begin at One o'clock, P. M.

HENRY A. LINEBACK,
August 1, 1883—4t. Commissioner.

CONTINENTAL
HOOF
OINTMENT
CURES
CRACKED HOOFS, SPRAINS, SCRATCHES and SORES
IN
HORSES, CATTLE and SHEEP.
Ask your Storekeeper for it, or write direct to the Manufacturers.
AMERICAN LUBRICATING OIL CO.,
Cleveland, Ohio.

STANDARD
LAUNDRY WAX
Preserves Linen, gives a beautiful finish, prevents the iron from sticking, saves labor.
5 Cents a Cake.
Ask your Storekeeper for it.
Made by
Standard Oil Co.,
CLEVELAND, OHIO.
August 9, 1883—3 mos.

NOTICE.

Having qualified as Administrator of the estate of Henry Shoaf, deceased, persons indebted to said deceased are hereby requested to make payment to me at once, and thereby save costs; and all those having claims against the estate of said deceased, are hereby notified to present them duly proven as the law directs, within twelve months from the 21st day of July, 1883, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery.

W. B. STAFFORD,
Adm'r of Henry Shoaf, dec'd.
July 21, 1883.

WANDA,
OUIDA'S LAST NOVEL,
AT THE SALEM BOOKSTORE.

MRS. T. B. DOUTHIT,
SALEM, N. C.

MILLINERY GOODS, NOTIONS, FANCY GOODS,
RIBBONS, VELVETS, FLOWERS AND STRAW GOODS
CONSTANTLY ON HAND AND SUPPLIED TO THE TRADE AT VERY LOW FIGURES.
OUR GOODS SURPASS ANYTHING IN THE MARKET.
Salem, N. C., May 17, 1883.-20.

Gray & Martin,
DRUGGISTS,
Winston, N. C.

North Carolina R.R.
Condensed Schedules.

TRAINS GOING EAST.

Date, Jan. 3 1883.	No. 51, Daily.	No. 53, Daily
Leave Charlotte	4 10 a m	4 35 p m
" Salisbury	6 05 a m	6 26 p m
" High Point	7 28 a m	7 50 p m
Arrive Greensboro	8 10 a m	8 33 p m
Leave Greensboro	.....	9 10 p m
Arrive Hillsboro	.....	11 28 p m
" Durham	.....	12 18 a m
" Raleigh	.....	1 25 a m
Leave "	.....	1 30 a m
Arrive Goldsboro	.....	3 50 a m

No. 15—Daily, except Saturday. Leave Greensboro 6 30 a m. Arrive at Raleigh 2 45 p. m. Arrive Goldsboro 7 20 a. m.

No. 51—Connects at Greensboro with R & D. R. R. for all points North, East and West, via Danville. At Salisbury with W. N. C. R. R. for all points in Western North Carolina.

No. 53—Daily at Greensboro with R. & D. R. R. for all points North, East and West, and for all points on the W. & W. R. R.

TRAINS GOING WEST.

Date, Jan. 3, 1883.	No. 50, Daily.	No. 52, Daily.
Leave Goldsboro	10 a m	.....
Arrive Raleigh	12 15 p m	.....
Leave "	4 15 p m	.....
Arrive Durham	5 32 p m	.....
" Hillsboro	6 11 p m	.....
" Greensboro	8 30 p m	.....
Leave "	9 15 p m	9 11 a m
Arrive High Point	9 50 p m	10 50 a m
" Salisbury	11 12 p m	12 15 p m
" Charlotte	0 a m	2 15 p m

No. 16, D'lyer, Sunday—Lv. Golds. 4 40 a. m. Ar. Raleigh 8 36 p. m. Lv. Raleigh 9 10 a. m. Ar. Greensboro 4 45 p. m.

No. 50—Connects at Charlotte with A. & C. A. L., for all points in South and Southwest.

No. 52—Connects at Charlotte with C. C. & A. R. R. for all points South and Southwest.

N. W. N. C. RAILROAD.

GOING WEST.	No. 50, Daily.	No. 52, Daily, ex. Sun
Leave Greensboro	9 25 p m	10 25 a m
Arrive Kernersville	10 41 p m	11 35 a m
" Salem	11 10 p m	12 09 p m
GOING EAST.	No. 51, Daily, ex. Sun.	53, Daily.
Leave Salem	6 20 a m	6 15 p m
Arrive Kernersville	6 46 a m	6 45 p m
" Greensboro	7 45 a m	8 00 p m

State University Railroad.

GOING NORTH.	No. 1 Daily ex. Sun.
Leave Chapel Hill	7 30 a m
Arrive University	8 52 a m
GOING SOUTH.	No. 2 Daily ex. Sun.
Leave Raleigh	5 40 p m
Arrive University	6 42 p m

PULLMAN SLEEPING CARS
WITHOUT CHANGE.
On Train No 50—New York and Atlanta via Washington and Danville.
On Train No. 52, Richmond and Danville and Washington and Augusta, Ga., via. Danville.
Through Tickets on sale at Greensboro, Raleigh, Goldsboro, Salisbury and Charlotte, and at all principal points South South-west, West North and East. For Emigrant rates to Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas and the South-west, address
M. SLAUGHTER
Gen'l Pass'r Agt.
Richmond, Va.

DR. J. C. ECTOR,
HAVING removed to Liberty Street, in Winston, offers his professional services to the citizens of Winston, Salem and surrounding country. With a practice of twenty-five years he hopes to have a liberal patronage.
OFFICE second house North of First National Bank.
Jan. 2, 1883.

HERRICK'S POEMS,
THE FINEST GIFT BOOKS OF THE SEASON
AT SALEM BOOKSTORE.
SPLENDID PRESENT FOR CHRISTMAS.

R. B. KERNER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WINSTON, N. C.

—Malaria, Chills and Fever, and Bilious attacks positively cured with Emory's Standard Cure Pills—an infallible remedy: never fail to cure the most obstinate, long-standing cases where Quinine and all other remedies had failed. They are prepared expressly for malarious sections, in double boxes, two kinds of Pills, containing a strong cathartic and a chill breaker, sugar-coated; contain no Quinine or Mercury, causing no griping or purging; they are mild and efficient, certain in their action and harmless in all cases; they effectually cleanse the system, and give new life and tone to the body. As a household remedy they are unequaled. For Liver Complaint their equal is not known; one box will have a wonderful effect on the worst case. They are used and prescribed by Physicians, and sold by Druggists everywhere, or sent by mail, 15 and 50 cent boxes. Emory's Little Cathartic Pills, best ever made, only 15 cents. Standard Cure Co., 114 Nassau street New York

ONE DOLLAR BOOKS.
Life of Napoleon Bonaparte,
" " Washington and other Generals,
Dickens' Child's History of England,
POEMS, from 60 cents to $1.00.

BIRTHDAY BOOKS.
Cooper's Pilot,
Swiss Family Robinson,
Robinson Crusoe,
Arabian Knights,
Captain Kid,
1,000 Miles Walk,
Louis Philippe,
Heart of Steel, (Fisher).
Michælmas Daisy,
Peter the Whaler,
Scottish Chiefs,
Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare,
Sam Slick, Plants of the Bible,
Vicar of Wakefield, Apple Blossoms,
Lalla Rookh, Talking Leaves,
Paradise Lost, Euphrates and Tigris,
Picciola, John Eax

CHEATING THE COLT.

With forehead star and silver tail,
And three white feet to match,
The gray, half-broken sorrel colt,
Which one of us could catch?

"I can," said Dick; "I'm good for that,"
He slowly shook his empty hat.
"She'll think 'tis full of corn," said he;
"Stand back, and she will come to me."

Her head the shy, proud creature raised
As 'mid the daisy flowers she grazed;
Then down the hill, across the brook,
Delaying oft, her way she took;
Then changed her pace, and moving quick,
She hurried on, and came to Dick.
"Ha! Ha!" he cried, "I've caught you, Beck!"
And put the halter round her neck.

But soon there came another day,
And, eager for a ride—
"I'll go and catch the colt again;
I can," said Dick, with pride.

So up the stony pasture lane,
And up the hill he trudged again;
And then he saw the colt, as slow
He shook his old hat to and fro.
"She'll think 'tis full of corn," he thought,
"And I shall have her quickly caught.
Beck! Beck!" he called, and at the sound
The restless beauty looked around,
Then made a quick, impatient turn,
And galloped off among the fern.

And when beneath a tree she stopped,
And leisurely some clover cropped,
Dick followed after, but in vain;
His hand was just upon her mane,
When off she flew as flies the wind,
And, panting, he pressed on behind,
Down through the brake, the brook across,
O'er bushes, thistles, mounds of moss,
Round and round the place they passed,
Till, breathless, Dick sank down at last;
Threw by, provoked, the empty hat—
"The colt," he said, "remembers that!
There's always trouble from deceit,
I'll never try again to cheat!"

THE SINGER AND THE SONG.

"For sale: One family ghost, with big bones and plenty of them—spiritual outfit complete! Answers to the name of Joel Cardeck, and can be seen any midnight on the Boxleigh hedge-road with its head tucked under its arms, and—what did you say it was doing last night, George, dear?"

"Pointing at its throat like this," illustrates young George, placidly, "and moaning—so—like a dog tied."

"I don't see what more could be expected of any ancestor," goes on Anne, practically. "And as the public ought to be pretty tired by this time of misty maidens in Swiss muslin and feathers, and moldy old male spirits who do nothing but prowl around and smell bad, I should think our enterprising Joel might bring his weight in gold, and if only there were chains—you are dead sure you heard no phantom chains whose clanking melody sounded like the laughter of fiends in hellish glee, George, dear?"

"It might have been only bones," ventures George, cautiously, "but it sounded like chains, rusty ones, all over blood, and the smell was just—brimstone!"

"Young people," I observed, impossingly, "if you really appreciated the disastrous condition of the house of Cardeck, you would not—"

"Spare us!" implores Anne, who is lying in a pink gingham heap under the willows, with her arms doubled like a jack-knife over her eyes. "We have had Geoffrey Cardeck with our daily bread now, until I am absolutely pining for him to take us by the back of our necks and fling us out, by way of a pleasant change. Ain't you, George, dear?"

"I won't have any meddling with my neck, though," announced the young heathen, who is sprawled out on a crust of bank, with his brown legs dangling over the spring stream.

"We are not a pack of thieves, I hope, in spite of our looks," continues my sister, in most objectionably virtuous tones. "And if Boxleigh really and truly does belong to the interloping Geof—"

"Boxleigh does not belong to Geoffrey Cardeck," I cry, in a gust of contradiction, "merely because the will is missing—"

"But there was no will, Janet; remember how suddenly poor Uncle Joe was called away—"

"Don't tell me! Do you suppose for one minute that Uncle Joe was the sort of a man to willfully die of vertigo, and then go to heaven in cold blood before protecting us from want, when he knew that Geoffrey Cardeck would be down on us like a hawk—"

"All right," assents my sister, rising and stretching her long young arms; "have it your own way, lady; only, as I helped to ransack the house from garret to cellar and then clean back again, you will have to excuse me for keeping my opinion for my pains. I tell you, Janet, we might as well make up our minds to be grateful to Geoffrey Cardeck for allowing us to live here these last two years—unless we can auction off George's ghost and buy the old place in."

That is just like Anne, winding up our daily arguments with a distracting sort of cruelty that makes me long beyond all things to shake her hard!

"And I tell you," I exclaim, savagely, "that I mean to fight his right here every step of the way. You submit. I do not. Alone as I am, without one friend—"

"Dar's a big white yangel by yo' side a flo'i'n,
'N' he's wings am de colah ob de dawn."

"Uncle Gab'l must think himself a real born robin," laughs Anne, gayly, as the three of us turn to watch him shuffling down the thread of path that winds from a cabin on the hill top to the spring:

"N' of you'm got a burd'n you' a tired ob a tot'n,
Des you drap it 'n He'll ketch it, sho's you bawn—hi!"

"Mawnin', chil'n, mawnin!" 'Pears ter me dis yar spring am des' de cooles' spot on de whole fahm—'pears ter me so!"

A gaunt, shriveled old creature, with a face as brown as a cocoanut and a temper as sweet as its milk flapping trousers of faded blue cotton, and a wilted shirt as white a as cud, —that is Uncle Gab'l as he sets his tub on the shady stones and dips his gourd in the spring.

"Uncle Gab'l," straightway begins Anne, with malice aforethought—I see it in her eyes. "Do you believe Georgie saw the ghost last night, do you?"

"A chile dat trows stones at de frawg dat keeps de spring sweet," he answers, slowly, fishing from the patched depths of his pocket a gorgeous thing in bandanas, with which he mops his face, "am gwine ter see wus'n goses, fo' he's done; you heah me!"

"Of course, you have seen it," she goes on, suggestively, for Anne dearly loves to wheedle the old soul out of his stock of stories.

"Des es plain's I see you all chiler'n sottin' heah—down in dat clump o' cedars by de bresh fence—now des watch dat 'diclus frawg, hoppin' so oneasy like, same's ef I wasn't ole frens wih ebry spot on his back. I clar, Marse Gawge, honey—"

"Oh, Uncle Gab'l," comes the pathetic interruption, "do give the thing time to get over its jumps, and tell us about the ghost; please do!"

"It takes a monsus long time, chile," he says, uneasily. "'N' de ole 'oman's a waitin' twel I fotches her de water. Yo' Aunt Ria's done got mos' p'tic'lar wib yo' po' Uncle Gab'l, chil'n, cawse he's so ole dat she cawn't trus'n him out'n her sight—deed cawn't she."

He seems rather proud of this disastrous state of affairs, and in spite of Anne's protests pours gourd after gourd of water in his tub till it trickles down its cool, dark sides; then swinging it to his head with a mighty grunt is tottering up the path again, when something in Anne's face—such a pretty face it is, with buttercup hair and cheeks like the little pink flowers that grow in the wheat—prompts me to keep Aunt Ria waiting.

"Uncle Gab'l," I call after him, "I see your tobacco looks ready to cut—"

"Deed am it." The black face flashes into a chuckle as he turns it cautiously—tub and all—toward me. "I'se monsus feard I'se got de bes' crop o' baccy of any man clar roun! I'se been 'lowin to de Lawd dis long time dat de ole 'oman's hopes was sot on a two hogshead crop, and dat dar was debts 'nuf fur ter eat up es many ground leaves es He please hisself to gib me 'thout countin' the par o' shoes er piece we'm obleeged ter buy—'n spect'n He gwine ter heah my prar, Miss Janet, honey. I trus'n in His word, an' I turns de turkeys in de field regl'r to eat de wurms—'n I spec'n de Lawd gwine ter heah ole Gab'l's prar!"

"I wish, then, you would pray for Boxleigh," I say, with laughing irreverence, and I am very properly ashamed of myself when he sets his tub on the grass and answers, simply:

"I duz pray, honey. I prays hard 'n I sings. Look at me, chil'n," he goes on, turning around so that we can get the full benefit of the patches that make up his shabby outlines, "des' look at yo' ole Uncle Gab'l a standin' heah wib his wool mos' white 'n he's skin es black es pisin! You knows he cawn't read dr Gawspel. You sees fo' yo' own se'f dat he gwes bar' foot ob a Sunday in sunimertime, 'n dat he's chil'n 'm nuffin' but a passle ob rusty younguns! Now, whar would I be ef I didn't believe in prar? Don't I trus'n His promise ter wash me whiter'n snow? Don't I know Ise gwine ter hab wings ob gol'n feddes 'n a yarp? Now, min' what I done tole you, ef so be the Lawd gwine ter take the time 'n trubble to shine up a wufi's ole critter widout a cent in he's pocket 'n owes fur de lan' he libs on, why mout'n He do as much fur fus' class white folks chil'n like you'ms be—dat's de quesh'n I'm a axin' you, Miss Janet, honey, 'n now whar's de answer ter match?"

Emphatically there is none! There is such a wealth of belief in his homely words, such a pathetic faith in the religion he has picked up in his simple ways, that I can say absolutely nothing!

"I guess grandpa used to pray hard," mentions Anne, with the most startling innocence, considering she knows, as well as the rest of the county, that Ignatius Cardeck was as wicked as mankind comes.

Uncle Gab'l, who has settled his tub on his head again, pauses, puts it back on the grass for the second time, and says, impressively:

"Mos' folks sot'n Marse Nace down fur a reg'lr Belzebubu, but he had his pints 'n dey was good pints. Lawd! you all chil'n ain't seen nuf'n—you des' er lib'd afo' de wah! Dem wus de times fur Boxleigh; you all's ain't up ter de tricks ob dis yar 'ceitful ole place, cawse Marse Joey wus allus des es peaceful es a little chile, Gawd in Heben bless 'm! But when Marse Nace afore him settled hi self down ter badness, he des' uster make his ole fahm as lively, chil'n, es a fox a racin' thro' the woods wib he heal's tail on fiah—now min' I'm a talk'n! I was tol'n de ole 'owam des last night, dat ebry time I heah the squinch-owls a-hollering it allus sots me stedy'n ob de night Marse Nace got clar out'n he's senses 'n staked Missie Rose on de keard board—dars a wufi's ole squinch-owl up in de pines yander—"

I, even I, Janet Cardeck, with my vengeful heart and steady purpose, have so far forgotten my wrongs for the minute that I watch as breathlessly as Anne while Uncle Gab'l stretched suspiciously toward the tub—takes a long drink from the brown gourd that bobs on its surface—and then settling his old bones comfortably on the grass, goes on:

"Dat squinches perzactly like de squinch-owl dat squinched de night Marse Nace cussed de squinch-owl, perzactly! It wus des er 'bout dis time o' de yar, craps was growin' mad all de same's weeds, 'n de sun come down hot 'n yaller on a pass'l o' black critters Marse Nace called him own. Dar neber breved a Cardeck in my time, chil'n, dat eber raised a lash or sold a 'oman, 'n dar wusn't a slave in Marse Nace's but what lub'd de ground he walked on, des de same's old Gab'l lubs you all chil'ns heah. Well'm, de house wus chuck full o' town gem'l'm down fur de fish'n an' de likes, 'n in de lot was a stranger pus'n come from clar 'cross de seas somewhars, 'n de minute he sot'n hes eyes on little Missie Rose 'pears like he couldn't riz'n of'n her, nowise—dat's yo' maw I'm tolin you 'bout, chil'n, yo' own maw dat bawned you. She wus'er purty little critter, like de posies in de gahden and de robins in de tree, 'n des es full of good es a Chrismus stock'n, but she had her ways, mind you, 'n one of 'em wus ter up'n hate dat English'rman wus'n a bush'l of snakes. Bumby the gemmin arx Marse Nace fur ter let he marry her. Marse Nace he lat'n say, 'All right;' Missie Rose she spunk up 'n say 'No!' Den 'long cum young Mar e Gawge, a ridin' to cote Missie Rose, an' she 'lows ter her paw dat she means to marry her cousin or die in de 'tempt—cose Marse Nace gib in lubin 'nuff arter dat, cawse dar warn't mor'n a top sile o' badness on hes heart, de roots wuz all right, 'n ie let dat English'rman huff he's sef' off quick, now I tell you. But des'er 'bout de time o' de wed'n heah he cum ridin' back es quick es life, an'—it's a fac I'm tol'n you, chil'n—Marse Nace he sot'n hissef down at dat 'ar keard bode'n—arter lesin' ebry head o' niggah on de fahm 'n Boxleigh in de barg'n—dat English'r say, so coax'n, put Missie Rose up, 'n mebbe he win 'em all back ag'n—see! Fus' yo' granpaw look'd same's a thunderclap soun's, den he cus'n cus, 'n de squinch-owl out'n de bushes he squinch 'n squinch—den Marse Nace threw de cawds on de table 'n holler out, 'It am de las' thing in de worl' dat's lef' me, so——'

"But he nebber spiled he's mouf wib de rest ob it, honey, fur de black critter dat was'er waitin' on de gem'n laid his paw on de keards and say:

"'Marse Nace, honey, ain't you clean forgot me?'

"'Get out'n my sight,' bawls yo' granpaw, 'or I'll brain yer, do you heah?'

"'Yes, Marse, I heah you,' said dat wuff's critter, 'but I cawn' stan' roun' 'n see little Missie Rose sot up wus'n a slave. When I sabed yo' life on de Missersippy you gib me my freedom for pay, but if dem paper's gwine ter stan' 'tween Missie Rose 'n shame, why—heah I is, Marse Nace, honey, yo' own slave, safe 'n sound.'

"An', chill'n, dat fellow he jump clar 'cross de room to de little drawer under de mantel where Marse Nace lem his free papers stay, 'n he tored 'em up 'n he flung the scraps on de flo'!"

"And did he play, and did he win?" cries Anne, in a gust of excitement.

"Did he win!" exclaimed the old creature, with a superior sort of chuckle. "Cose he wins!" You all nebber see de likes o' dat pusson for luck, ef 'twor treein' 'possums or trappin' har's or coting or anything—cose he win'd!"

"And what was his name?"

"Gab'l—Gab'l!"

"Hi, chil'n, dars de ole 'oman 'vitin' up dis water she sent me ter fetch—Comin', comin'!"

"But, Uncle Gab'l, wait. Who was it—"

"Gab'l—Gab'l!"

"Don't get de ole man a lammin, chil'n, fur de Lawd's sake! De ole 'oman's a monsus tuff han' at a fus'n—comin', Ria, chile, comin'—comin'. Dar's a big white yangel by yo' side a flot'n', 'n he's wings am de color ob de dawn."

We are dawdling along the shady footpath to the house, when George, who has rolled out from his grassy nest and scampered off a good ten minutes before us, comes tearing back like mad with a square of white paper—the will!

And just to think, with all my cleverness, I never once thought of the little drawer under the mantel!

My only comfort is that Anne did not either!

How the Dead Followed the King.

In 1871, writes a correspondent, I was at Naples when an Italian corvette, the Amirale Caracciolo, was launched at Castellamare. The vessel was christened by the Countess Teresa Caracciolo, the daughter of the chief of the elder branch of the Caracciolo. I was staying at Naples as the guest of the young lady's father, and I heard from him a very remarkable story connected with the death of the unfortunate officer in honor of whose memory the vessel was named. The circumstances which led to the execution of Prince Francesco Caracciolo in 1799 are well known. I shall merely state therefore, that he was condemned by a court marshal composed of Sicilian officers to be hanged at the yard-arm of the flag-ship for bearing arms against his lawful sovereign. When the official communication of the finding and the sentence of the court was brought to the prince, he was explaining the names and uses of the various parts of the rigging to some young Neapolitan nobleman who happened to be on board the ship. A glance at the letter was sufficient to show him its contents. He showed no sign of emotion, but requested the officer who brought the dispatch to wait for a few minutes while he finished his explanations. This being done he returned to his cabin, and after a vain attempt to get the sentence changed to a more honorable manner of death he resigned himself to his fate, which he met with great fortitude. Some days after the event the king, who had been for an afternoon's cruise on a Sicilian ship of war outside the bay, was returning to Naples in the evening. It was a moonlight night, and the sea was perfectly calm. There was, indeed, so little wind that it was difficult to steer the vessel. The king was sitting in the balcony of the stern cabin, watching the sea, when suddenly he became aware that something was following the ship. As the object came near it was easy to distinguish that it was the body of a man in an upright attitude, as if treading water; and very soon the king was able to recognize the features of Admiral Caracciolo. His eyes were opened and seemed to be fixed on the king, and except for its ghastly pallor the face was unchanged. The explanation was simple. After being submerged for some days the body had become so buoyant that the weights attached to the feet were not sufficiently heavy to keep it under water; but they retained it in an upright position, and it was drawn along by the current created by the movement of the ship. It is easy to imagine the horror of Ferdinand at what he believed to be an apparition from another world. When at length it was explained to him what had happened, he gave orders that a boat be lowered and that the corpse be brought on board and taken to Naples for Christian burial. But the superstitious Sicilians dared not obey the royal command, and the ship, drawing in its wake the upright body of the admiral, sailed slowly into the Bay of Naples. Here a boat's crew was obtained from an English man-of-war, who took the admiral's body ashore, where it was deposited in his own palace, and at length received the last rites of the church.

A different version of the story is given in Southley's "Life of Nelson." I have related the traditional account preserved in the family of the admiral exactly as it was told me by its chief.

The Education of Children.

Louise Alcott, who has written so charmingly and suggestively of the education of children, has now a chance to put her theories into practice. When her sister Mary died in Paris she left a little daughter, whom Louise has adopted and will educate in accordance with her plan of bringing up children. This plan she states as follows:

"Health comes first and an early knowledge of truth, obedience and self-control, then such necessary lessons as all must learn, and later such accomplishments as taste and talent lead her to desire; a profession or trade to fall back upon in time of need, that she may not be dependent or too proud to work for her bread. No late hours or unwholesome pleasures and dress, no mixing of school and flirtation, but simple amusements, daily duties, and a purpose in life to keep them girls at heart, even while preparing for the work and happiness of woman."

This is quite different from the education of the fashionable girl of the period, or the heroines produced by the Henry James school of novelists; but it may be the harbinger of the new-fashioned girl, it is to be hoped a great improvement upon the last generation, who have been educated up to fashions and follies.—*Troy Times.*

The best and highest pleasures are those we evolve, not those which we receive. Faithful and honest work does, it is true, bring competence, friends, respect, perhaps fortune, or fame, or honor; but it does much more than this. It develops our powers, strengthens our characters, cheers our spirits, gives us self-respect, enhances our value and infuses an interest in life of which nothing can deprive us.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Liming Meadows.

Liming meadows or old pasture lands with say thirty bushels to the acre, has an effect upon the condition of the crop of grass that few farmers would believe without giving it a trial. In fact we do not know how the same amount of money can be expended upon land with the same profit. It is not only certain but lasting. We have known farmers to pasture meadows fifty years without being turned up by the simple application of lime once in six to ten years. These pastures, which are regarded as permanent, and mostly abound in clay molds, after being grazed down thoroughly are restored almost knee-deep in from five to six weeks. We do not hesitate to say that nowhere has lime a more marked effect and can be used with better results than in the renovation of old pastures.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Charcoal as a Food.

Whatever increase the power of laying on fat or promoting the rapid and healthy production of flesh must be food or equivalent thereto. This pure charcoal does most effectually, as recently proved by taking the live weights of two lots of sheep, and simply separating them by an ordinary net, the artificial food, corn and cake being carefully weighed out to each lot alike daily, one pint of charcoal being added to one lot only. When reweighed prior to selling to the butcher, the increase in weight was in favor of charcoal by 16¼ per cent. Sanitation causes easy and complete digestion, and assimilation only can account for these results, which charcoal alone can accomplish. The charcoal should be given mixed with the food, except in urgent cases, when it may be mixed in water or thin gruel, and given as a drench. The dose is one pint to every twenty-five head of sheep or lambs, one-quarter pint per head for full grown cattle, horses or pigs; half the quantity for young cattle, and two spoonfuls to one dessertspoonful for young calves, daily, when suffering from disease or in ill condition. To keep in good health and fortify against disease the dose should be given two or three times per week according to the class of food they are having and the state of the atmosphere. The best plan is to wet a quantity of bran, pollard or malt combined; mix the charcoal among it, and then among the food you give them. For rapid and healthy fatting of cattle it should be used daily among their food. Charcoal for internal and medicinal purposes must be pure vegetable charcoal, free from all irritating and injurious foreign matter. The charcoal, when coming into the user's possession, must be kept perfectly dry and free from any ill-smelling surroundings, such as the vapors of a stable or artificial manures, etc., or it will absorb them, and thus become septic, and of no medicinal value. It is better kept in a closed bin or tin canister with a closely fitting cover.—*Farm and Home.*

Poultry Notes.

1. Poultry need protection and shade from the hot summer sun, and if deprived of it they will, of course, endure it, but it will be an injury to them, and will show itself by the decrease in the number of eggs.

2. Poultry cannot be kept to advantage unless they have a properly arranged house for their accommodation. This is just as necessary to their well-being as it is that horses and cattle have a good stable.

3. Egg shells should always be crushed before feeding them to the fowls, for when fed whole it is apt to teach them the bad habit of eating their eggs.

4. It would be found better both for the producer and consumer of eggs to sell by weight rather than number, for as the market is to-day small eggs sell for the same price as nice large ones do.

5. Charred corn is an excellent food for laying hens and serves to keep them healthy and vigorous. Do not feed entirely, but give once a day, and be careful in preparing it or it will burn to ashes.

6. Feed should be given regularly and in such quantics that none will be left on the ground but will all be cleaned up by the fowls, and should consist of a soft feed in the morning and whole grain of some kind in the evening.

7. Plenty of water should be given fresh at least once a day at all times of the year.

8. In selecting a cock the following points are desirable. That he should be of good size with broad head and strong legs and wings, carry a high head, crow often and loud, not loud so much as strong and shrill, have a large red comb and scratch vigorously, constantly calling his mates to eat something he has found and is quick in defending them.

9. When fowls are confined, their yard should always contain a grass plot with fruit trees for shade, plenty of gravel, and considerable quantity of slacked lime when crushed egg or oyster shells cannot be obtained a dust bath of dry wood ashes, and it would be well to dig up (or plow, if large enough) part of the yard so the hens can have a place to scratch and find worms.

10. Periods of incubation are as follows: Common hen 19 to 21 days; duck 26 days; turkey 27 to 28 days; goose 28 to 29 days; pea hen 27 to 29 days; guinea hen 25 to 26 days. Most of the eggs I have hatched this year from common hens were hatched in nineteen days, though in some cases they overrun twenty-one days.—*H. S. Waldo.*

Recipes.

COCOANUT PIE.—One quart sweet milk, three eggs, one tablespoon of butter, one-half cup of sugar and one fresh grated cocoanut. Grate nutmeg over top and bake in pie plates with only an under crust.

CHOCOLATE ICING.—Put into an old plate eight ounces of granulated sugar, two ounces of grated chocolate, and about seven tablespoons of cold water; set it in the oven or on the stove, stir till it is like thick cream. Use at once; it will harden as it cools.

TOMATOES.—Take twelve ripe tomatoes, cut the tops off for a cover, take out the insides, and mix with six soda crackers, rolled fine; mix in butter, pepper and salt; set the tomatoes in a deep earthen dish and fill with the crackers, put a cover on each and bake in oven.

FRIED EGG PLANT.—Peel eggplants, slice thin, sprinkle a little salt over them, and let stand half an hour; wipe slices dry, dip them into beaten egg, then into grated cracker; fry them a light brown in boiling lard; season with pepper while cooking. A less expensive way is to sprinkle the egg plant with salt, flour and pepper, and fry.

GREEN PEAS.—Shell one-half peck of green peas. Put boiling water to cover them, add one teaspoonful of salt, cover the stewpan and boil one-half hour; take one between your fingers and if it will mash easily they are done; drain off the water, put then in a deep dish, put to them one-half cup of butter and a little pepper. Serve hot; small young potatoes, nicely scraped, may be boiled and served with them or in a separate dish with a little butter over them.

MACARONI AND CHEESE.—Cook one-half pound of macaroni in a pint of well-salted water until tender; grate one-half pound of cheese while macaroni is cooking; take a pudding dish that will hold one quart, and place in the bottom a layer of macaroni, then a layer of cheese, season with pepper and salt; then another layer of macaroni, and so on until all is used up; over this pour one and a half cups of sweet milk; sprinkle over the top some stale breadcrumbs, place in oven and bake a light brown. This may be eaten hot or cold, but is better hot.

All Accounted For.

"I understand that the red on the American barber-pole represents the blood; the blue, veins, and the white bandages."

"What do the stars represent?"

"They represent," said the Irishman, as he sat up in the barber's chair, "what a man sees when he gets his tooth pulled out by a barber."—*New York Sun.*

A shopkeeper having had a stormy discussion with his better-half, put the shutters up and affixed the following notice: "Closed during altercations."

FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.

Investigation has developed that the game of draw poker was invented somewhere about 1846 or 1847, by Mr. Kirkman, of Tennessee, a turfman of some note.

A Chinese encyclopedia, begun more than 100 years ago, and still unfinished, has already filled nearly 100,000 volumes, and will not be completed until 60,000 more are written.

Visitors find in some of the old houses of Nentucket tall Dutch clocks, with holes in the cases where screws had been taken out. This was done in order to banish wicked ornaments of brass or steel.

The biggest of the big trees of California must doff its plumes to a monarch of the Australian woods, if the report is true that a symmetrical specimen of the Eucalyptus amygdalina 430 feet high was lately discovered in Victoria.

The tallest princess in the world is the crown princess of Denmark. She is six feet two inches high. She is very fond of dancing, but has often to forego the pleasure, because, being keenly sensible of ridicule, she does not wish to have an inadequate partner.

Whenever a member of the English royal family is buried a fee for breaking the ground of £250 is demanded by the dean and chaplain of Windsor, although not an inch of ground is disturbed. A stone is removed from St. George's chapel. This stone closes the passage of the royal vault, which is really a spacious room.

A traveler, while walking among the ruins of Caracalla's baths in Rome, came near being killed by a stone dropped from a considerable height by a crow. He had ventured too near their nests, and they picked up stones in their talons, soared to a height of nearly 100 feet and let them drop. Some of the stones weighed a pound.

Mrs. Augusta Smith, of St. Louis, Mo., is one of the lightest sleepers in the State. She is awake twenty-two hours out of every day on the average, and when she does slumber it is scarcely more than a doze, during which she is partially conscious of all that is going on around her. She is strong and healthy, with a good appetite, and not particularly nervous.

It is very easy to distinguish a butterfly from a moth when the insect is at rest. A butterfly always has its wings upright. The little skipper butterflies are the only exception to this rule, and even those elevate the fore-wings. But the moth when it alights always puts its wings in a horizontal position, folding the fore pair backward so that the hind wings are almost concealed.

James W. Earl, of Reading, Penn., is the owner of a curious plant known as the ingatree. He received it from Australia several years ago. It is now about three feet in height. The flower, when fully open, resembles a bottle brush in form, and has a rich red color. When the sun sets its leaves fold and the ends of the twigs coil up, apparently going to sleep. The younger or more tender leaves always go to sleep first. When removed from the pot in which it matures the leaves begin to stand in all directions, and in a short time the plant is in a quiver. It gives out a sickening perfume.

Battle Between a Rat and a Turtle.

Hon. John B. Garnier, of Lawrenceburg, Ind., has quite a curiosity in his garden. It is a pet turtle, of the hard shell kind. Its peculiarity consists in its ability to catch rats. Ever since the late flood these rodent pests, being driven from Oldtown by the water, have been an almost intolerable nuisance to the inhabitants of Newton, which is fortunately located on high ground. Mr. Garnier and family have frequently noticed the pet turtle feasting on the carcass of dead rats, and had wondered at this strange sight; but yesterday, as the gentleman was showing some friends through his beautiful garden of flowers, their attention was attracted to the rustling of plants near by, accompanied by a scratching and whining noise. On investigating the cause of this disturbance, what was their surprise to find the turtle engaged in a fierce battle with a large rat. The turtle had the rat by the side, and was dexterously using its claws on the struggling animal. The rat was resisting its enemy, furiously biting and scratching the hard shell of its assailant, but without making an impression. It was squealing most piteously, and while the visitors were looking on in astonishment the turtle coolly completed its work of death, and the rat rolled over a corpse.—*Cincinnati Inquirer.*

Anecdote of Commodore Vanderbilt.

This anecdote is told of the late Commodore Vanderbilt: At Saratoga, on one occasion, when sitting on the piazza of a hotel, a somewhat overdressed lady approached and claimed his acquaintance. The commodore arose and talked affably with her, while his wife and daughter sniffed the air with scorn. "Father," said the young lady, as the commodore resumed his seat "don't you remember that vulgar Mrs. B— as the woman who used to sell poultry to us at home?" "Certainly," responded the old gentleman promptly, "and I remember your mother when she used to sell root beer over in Jersey when I went up there from Staten Island peddling oysters out of my boat." As this homely reply was heard by a group surrounding the family, there was no further attempt at aristocratic airs on the part of the ladies during that season.

Rain Gambling.

Many of our readers, the *Times of India* says, will be surprised to learn that there exists an institution in Bombay known as "rain gambling." The gambling spirit is pretty universal among the human race, and the ingenuity shown in making occasion for a bet is sometimes very amusing. The Spanish races in South America frequently vary the monotony of their midday siesta by playing "fly." In this game a pool is made, and each player furnishes himself with a piece of loaf sugar, which he places in front of him. Leisurely whiffing their cigarettes, the players keep a watchful eye upon the sugar, and the possessor of the piece on which a fly first alights takes the pool. According to a native contemporary, it appears that there are certain shops near the Mombadevi Chowky where "rain gambling" goes on regular during the monsoon. This species of dissipation consists in betting that rain will or will not fall within a given time. The frequenters of such shops must waste a great deal of time in gambling after this fashion, and it is said that a great deal of money, relative to the means of the gamblers, changes hands.

A stand fell down with a crash,
A number of men it did mash,
But the entire ten
Were soon well again—
St. Jacob's Oil cured every gash.

A baker who lives in Duluth,
Went crazy one night with a tooth,
He rubbed the gum boil
With St. Jacob's Oil,
It cured him, and this is the truth.

Siberia ranks only barely below the United States and Australia as a gold producing country.

The Billous,

Dyspeptic or constipated, should address, with two stamps and history of case for pamphlet, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

THERE are 2,017 persons employed in the oyster business in New Jersey.

Not a drink, not sold in barrooms, but a reliable, non-alcoholic tonic medicine, useful in all seasons, is Brown's Iron Bitters.

WESTERN floods have done immense damage to crops of all kinds.

"Golden Medical Discovery"

For all scrofulous and virulent blood-poisons, is specific. By druggists.

SEVERE droughts in Oregon have greatly reduced the wheat crop.

CONYERS, Ga.—Dr. W. H. Lee says: "Brown's Iron Bitters is a good medicine, and many are using it in this place."

PENNSYLVANIA is to have an experimental agricultural farm.

The renowned Dr. Clendenning says one-third of all his dissections showed signs of heart disease; if you have it in any form, use Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator, $1 per bottle at druggists.

AMONG experiments in South Mississippi is tea raising.

The Frazer Axle Grease

Is the best in the market. It is the most economical and cheapest, one box lasting as long as two of any other. One greasing will last two weeks. It received first premium at the Centennial and Paris Expositions, also medals at various State fairs. Buy no other.

25 Cents

Will buy a TREATISE ON THE HORSE AND HIS DISEASES. Book of 100 pages, valuable to every owner of horses. Postage stamps taken. Sent postpaid. NEW YORK HORSE BOOK CO., 134 Leonard Street.

Mother Swan's Worm Syrup.

Infallible, tasteless, harmless, cathartic fever-fishness, restlessness, worms, constipation. 25c.

Do you sleep badly at night? Why suffer from indigestion? GASTRINE will give you relief. GASTRINE is in liquid form. All druggists.

CORRECT your habits of crooked walking by using Lyon's Patent Metallic Heel Stiffeners.

"Rough on Rats."

Clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, bedbugs, ants, skunks, chipmunks, gophers. 15c. D'g'sts.

Hood's Sarsaparilla gives an appetite and imparts new life and energy to all the functions of the body. Try a bottle and realize it.

"Buchu-Paiba."

The Quick, complete cure, annoying Kidney, Bladder, Urinary Diseases. $1. Druggists.

Use St. Patrick's Salve, and learn its great value. One trial convinces.

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA

Cured a tremendous scrofulous lump on Thomas Bennett's leg, 21 years old. He wanted to cut it out with a knife, it was so painful.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Cured Lieut. John Smith, U. S. N., of stomach complaint, palpitation, and rheumatism in the knee.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Cured Mrs. Cole, of 27 Scrofulous sores. One on her head was as large as the palm of her hand.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Cured Mrs. Parkman of birth-born Scrofula in one year. Her scalp was one solid sore. Her hair fell off.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Cured Mrs. Rollins' son of three large, fatty tumors, one was a running sore and very painful.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Cured Mrs. Hart's Salt Rheum with one bottle. Her hands cracked and chapped for 20 years.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Cured J. R. Smith's daughter of Diphtheria poison. She was very poor, weak and without appetite.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by Druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

A Druggist's Story.

Mr. Isaac C. Chapman, Druggist, Newburg, N. Y., writes us: "I have for the past ten years sold several gross of Dr. William Hall's Balsam for the Lungs. I can say of it what I cannot say of any other medicine. I have recommended it in a great many cases of Whooping Cough with the happiest effects. I have used it in my own family for many years.

Henry's Carbolic Salve

Is the Best Salve for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all kinds of Skin Eruptions, Freckles and Pimples. Get Henry's Carbolic Salve, as all others are counterfeits. Price 25 cts.

25 Cents will buy a TREATISE ON THE HORSE AND HIS DISEASES. Book of 100 pages, valuable to every owner of horses. Postage stamps taken. Sent postpaid. NEW YORK HORSE BOOK CO., 134 Leonard Street.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK.		
Beef cattle, good to prime	1 w 11	25 @11 50
Calves, com'n to prime veals	6	@ 8¾
Sheep	4	@ 6
Lambs	6	@ 7¾
Hogs—Live	6¾	@ 7
Dressed, city	7¾	@ 8¼
Flour—Ex. St., good to fancy	4 30	@ 6 00
West, good to choice	4 45	@ 7 25
Wheat—No 2 Red	1 13¼	@ 1 17
No. 1 White	1 10	@ 1 10½
Rye—State	64	@ 69
Barley—Two-rowed State	80	@ 90
Corn—Ungrad. West. mixed	49	@ 61
Yellow Southern	59	@ 67
Oats—White State	53	@ 54
Mixed Western	42¾	@ 45
Hay—Timothy	60	@ 65
Straw—No. 1, Rye	50	@ 55
Lard—City Steam	8 90	@ 9 35
Butter—State Creamery	23	@ 24
Dairy	15	@ 22½
West. Im. Creamery	12	@ 18
Factory	11	@ 14½
Cheese—State Factory	8½	@ 10¾
Skims	2	@ 5½
Western	8	@ 9
Eggs—State and Penn	18¾	@ 19
Potatoes—State bbl	1 75	@ 2 25
BUFFALO.		
Steers—Good to Choice	5 80	@ 6 10
Lambs—Western	5 00	@ 6 40
Sheep—Western	4 75	@ 5 25
Hogs—Good to choice Yorks	6 50	@ 6 70
Flour—C'y ground n. process	7 50	@ 8 00
Wheat—No. 1, Hard Duluth	1 17	@ 1 21
Corn—No. 2, Mixed New	55	@ 57
Oats—No. 2, Mixed Western	41	@ 42
Barley—Two-rowed State	80	@ 80
BOSTON.		
Beef—Ex. plate and family	16 00	@16 50
Hogs—Live	6¼	@ 7
Northern Dressed	8¾	@ 8¾
Pork—Ex. Prime, per bbl	16 50	@17 00
Flour—Winter Wheat patents	7 00	@ 7 25
Corn—High Mixed	66	@ 67
Oats—Extra White	51	@ 53
Rye—State	80	@ 82
WATERTOWN (MASS.) CATTLE MARKET.		
Beef—Extra quality	6 12½	@ 6 62½
Sheep—Live weight	5½	@ 5¾
Lambs	6	@ 8
Hogs—Northern, d. w	7¾	@ 8
PHILADELPHIA.		
Flour—Penn. ex family, good	5 00	@ 5 12½
Wheat—No. 2, Red	1 13	@ 1 15
Rye—State	64	@ 65
Corn—State Yellow	56	@ 58
Oats—Mixed	39	@ 41½
Butter—Creamery Extra Pa	19¾	@ 2)
Cheese—N. Y. Full Cream	11	@ 11¾

The Profession a Unit.

MR. C. H. DRAPER, of No. 223 Main Street, Worcester, Mass., volunteers the following:

"Having occasion recently to use a remedy for kidney disease, I applied to my druggist, Mr. D. B. Williams, of Lincoln Square, this city, and requested him to furnish me the best kidney medicine that he knew of, and he handed me a bottle of Hunt's Remedy, stating that it was considered the best because he had sold many bottles of it to his customers in Worcester, and they all speak of it in the highest terms, and pronounce it always reliable. I took the bottle home and